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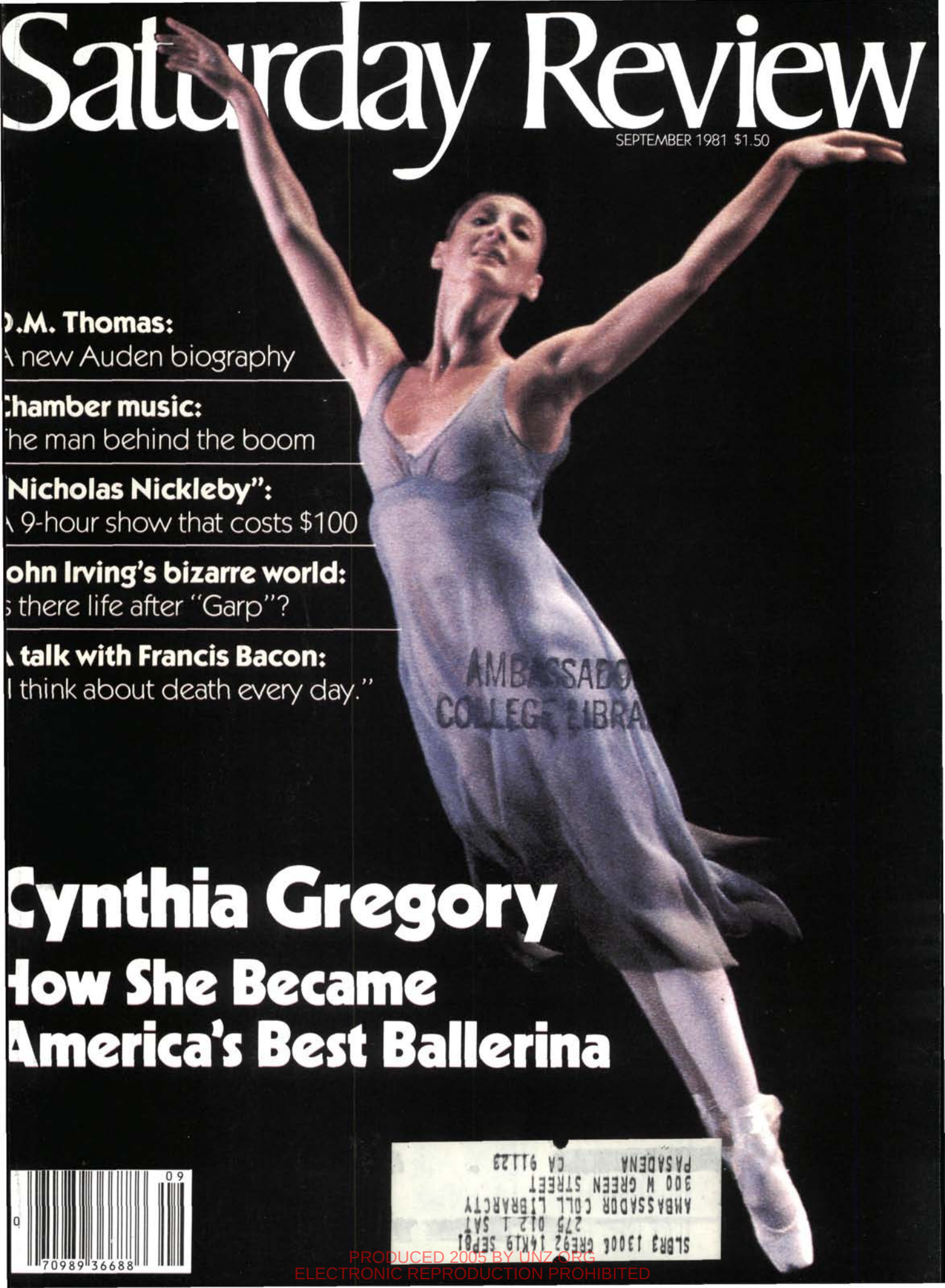

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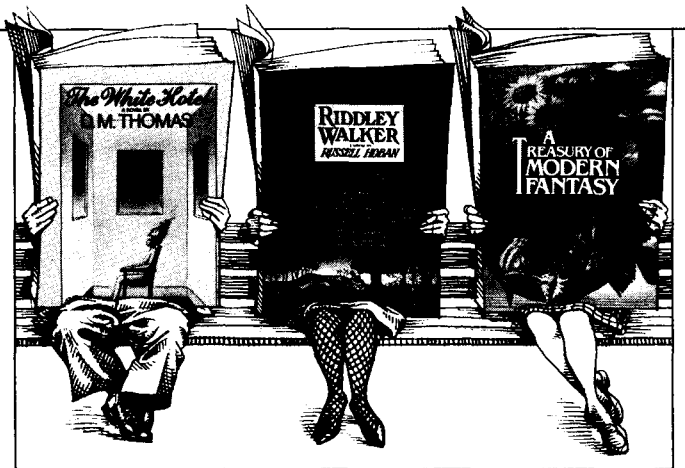

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Saturday Review® SEPTEMBER 1981

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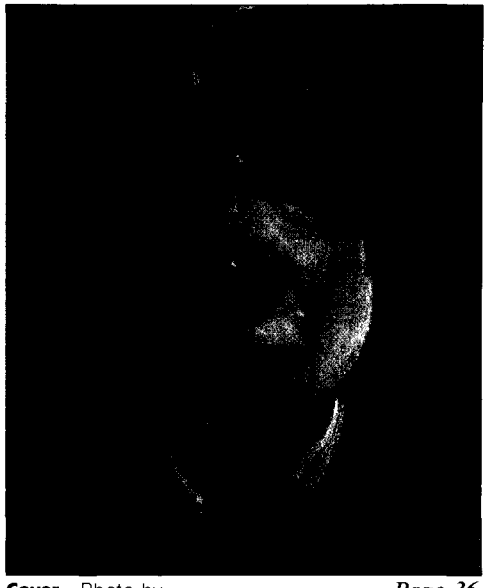

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Philip Roth: For the Record

In *SR's* June article "Philip Roth: Still Waiting for His Masterpiece," Henry Weil referred to an alleged review in *Commentary* of *Portnoy's Complaint* in which that novel was supposedly compared to a work of Nazi propaganda. I would like to say for the record that the source of the quote cited by Mr. Weil was a letter to the editor, which reflected the opinion of a reader, not the editorial judgment of the magazine.

Marion Magid
Managing Editor, Commentary
New York, New York

Banning Books Left and Right

Stephen Arons's article "The Crusade to Ban Books" [June] would have been more balanced if he had also mentioned the Council for Interracial Books, which recently tried to make publishers submit unpublished books to it for approval. The Council works through librarians. Moral Majority works through parents and school boards. Right wing or left, the aims are the same: the control of young minds. What books would remain on the shelves if both sides had their way?

Betty Dinneen
San Francisco, California

True, the language in Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* was not what my high school classmates and I were used to reading, but the language offends censors more than it influences us!

Baie Netzer
Irvine, California

General principles about the First Amendment cannot be taken to mean that anything and everything must be selected, placed, or retained in a public school library. The function of such a library must be subordinate to, and a part of the function of the school itself. To miss this point out of blind allegiance to the First Amendment's protection of freedom of the press not only misplaces that allegiance in a reckless and illogical manner; it damages public education by weakening the public's support of it.

Ivan B. Gluckman
General Counsel, National Association of Secondary School Principals
Reston, Virginia

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SR's New Editor

Alert readers will notice a new name in the editor's slot at the top of the masthead. It is with considerable pleasure that we welcome Stephen Shepard to *Saturday Review*.

Steve, 42, comes to us from *Newsweek*, where he held the important post of national affairs editor for five years. He has held a variety of positions at major magazines for 15 years, and he has taught at the Columbia University School of Journalism as well.

Steve is fully aware of *SR*'s distinguished tradition. He joins us in our vision of maintaining its preeminence as America's cultural magazine, at a time when Americans have become more culture conscious than ever before in our history.

We are confident that Steve's association with us will bring the magazine to a new level of excellence that will be beneficial to both the readers and those of us on the staff.

Carll Tucker, who owned the magazine from 1977 until May 1980, and then remained its editor through the August 1981 issue, has left to begin a new project. It is one that will allow him ample opportunity to exercise his talents in both academic and cultural areas. It is an exciting endeavor. We, of course, want to thank him for his years of service and wish him every success.

Robert I. Weingarten
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Notes on Recent Reading

Stephen Jay Gould belongs to a rare species, other prize specimens of which include Loren Eisley, Joseph Wood Krutch, Louis J. Halle, and Lewis Thomas, whose common genius is that they help us to see things for the first time. They are not locked into the man-made world; they have discovered the unlimited domain within sight but not always within cognition where the essential drama of life is being played out. They have married poetry to nature; they remind us that we can all be rich in our perceptions, and immortal in our connections, to the life around us.

Gould's new book, *The Panda's Thumb*, is a collection of essays about things that seldom come to mind but are always worth thinking about. His opening essay, which gives him his title, is about an animal that, in one respect, doesn't stay on its side of the line that is supposed to divide human beings from other animals. The human thumb makes it possible not merely to claw but to hold and manipulate things. Gould observed pandas in their characteristic habit of munching on bamboo shoots. He could see that they were not merely squeezing the shoots together but were actually holding them. This led to a fascinating inquiry into the nature of a panda's thumb, retailed to the reader along with anatomical drawings. What gives all the essays in this book their distinction is the absence of any separation between science and philosophy. The connective tissue is a sense of cultivated wonder. The quest for meaning is as important as the search for new facts.

Two recent autobiographical books I especially enjoyed are Jim Bishop's *A Bishop's Confession* and Philip Dunne's *Take Two*.

Jim Bishop, who catapulted to fame with his *The Day Lincoln Was Shot*, has written a book about his own life. It is a far more difficult assignment than his works on other people. A good reporter can dig for the essential facts, sort out the materials, and then attempt to weave them into a story that will appeal to readers. Autobiography is far more demanding. The hazards involved in self-scrutiny and subjective judgments tend to reduce both the field of vision and the substance of things to be conveyed. Where do you stand if you have to look over your own shoulder? But Jim Bishop has turned the trick. He is able to get inside not just himself but the mind of the reader. He entwines himself into your sympathies and concerns. He becomes an old friend even before you finish the first chapter. He is candid to the point of personal dissection. He knows how to use his own life in order to provide a first-hand view of the world of publishing and politics he knew so well. But what is most important about *A Bishop's Confession* is the quality of the writing. For sheer fluidity, power, and grace, Bishop's narrative skills put him at the top of the class. Here is a craftsman with something to offer.

Where do you stand if you have to look over your own shoulder?

Philip Dunne's world overlaps that of Bishop's. Dunne's career was in motion pictures, but they both lived and worked in the same general arena of people, issues, and ideas. The value of the two books is represented not so much by contrasting attitudes or situations but by the combined picture they offer. Dunne's book gives a graphic picture of the communicator interacting with his times—the man who has been able to find his way to the public mind through the medium of film using all his skills in the fields of politics and ideas.

The writer or playwright or producer or artist in the middle of the 20th century had an intense involvement in the issues of his times. It had been customary for artists to shun public affairs. But World War II obliterated the possibilities of detachment. Men like Senator McCarthy, Adlai Stevenson, John Kennedy, and Richard Nixon served as battle stations. It was a rare person who could stand apart from the issues they represented. Philip Dunne jumped into those fights; he made his alliances; he won and lost. He describes these episodes with all the vividness and intensity he experienced at the time. This is personal history but also living history. It rekindles memories and makes us realize how close to the edge we were living.

Few things are more fascinating about the intellectual history of the past half century than the ideological swirls that at times picked up the force of tornadoes. The people who were hardest hit were those in writing, publishing, acting, producing, directing, painting, and communications in general. Philip Dunne's center of gravity was in Hollywood but his professional and intellectual involvements cut across all lines, spoken and written. The account of those involvements serves as an authentic and fascinating road map for the complicated terrain of the American liberal intellectual in the 20th century.

In fiction, the novel I most enjoyed reading in recent months was Francine du Plessix Gray's *World Without End*. It is a superbly crafted book, the product of an arresting central idea and beautifully controlled development. Mrs. Gray is in complete command of the stories of three intertwining lives. Their internal involvements and their interactions with the history of their times represent a potentially overcomplicated theme, but in Mrs. Gray's hands the novel becomes a specimen of masterful literary architecture. The discussions on art, writing, politics, and on foreign cultures—the Soviet Union especially—represent an additional dimension that alone is worth the price of admission. **—N.C.**

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SEPTEMBER SPOTLIGHTS

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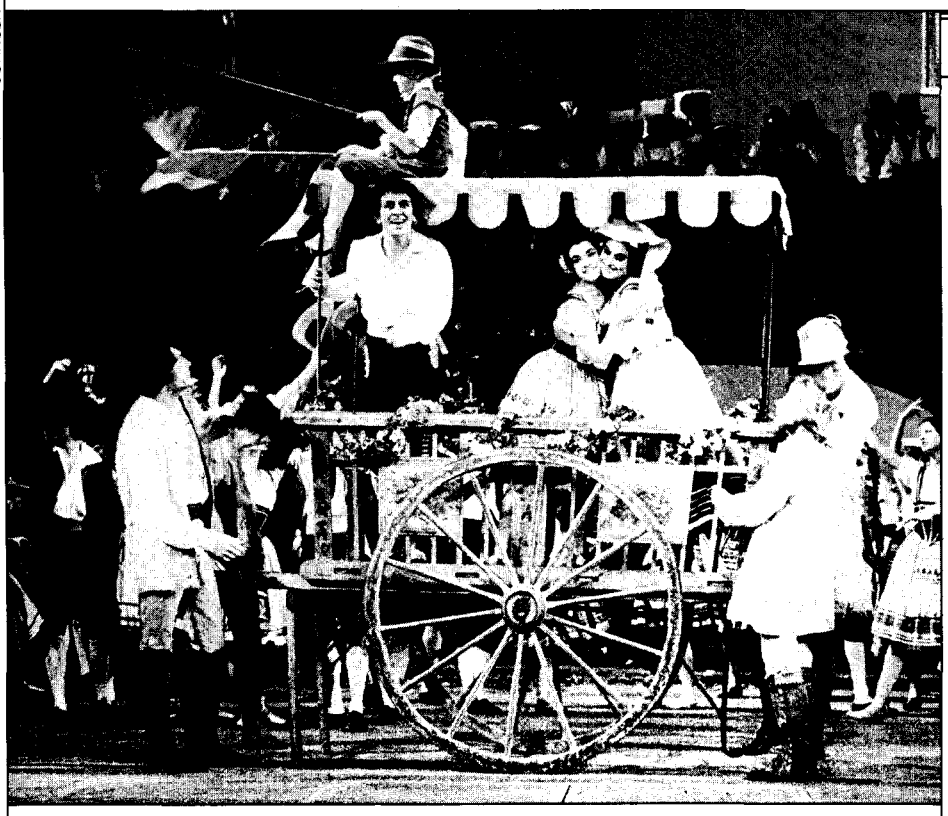


The Royal Danish Ballet dances Bournonville's *Napoli* in the Paris Dance Festival.

Dance

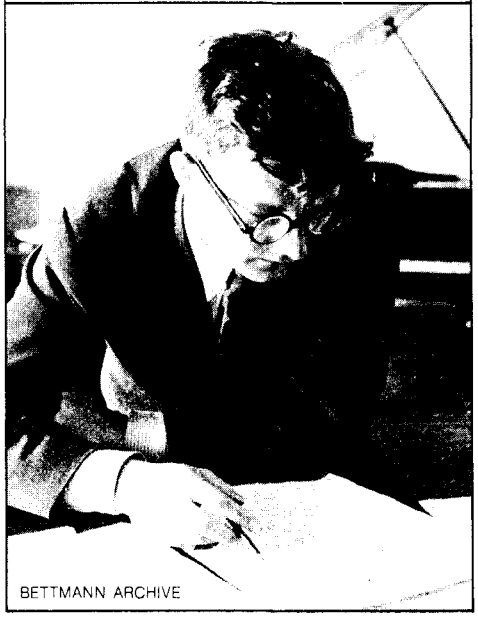
The 19th International Dance Festival of Paris offers a dazzling five weeks of ballet at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. The festivities open with "The Week of Bêla Bartók." Commemorating the composer's centennial, the Orchestra and Ballet of the Hungarian National Opera will perform three ballets—*The Miraculous Mandarin*, *Bluebeard's Castle*, and *The Wooden Prince*. (September 28-October 4.) Next, the festival will present "The Week of Tchaikovsky," featuring the Opera Ballet of Hamburg in *The Nutcracker*, choreographed by John Neumeier. (October 5-11.) Then comes "The Week of Strauss," with two more Neumeier ballets set to the music of Richard Strauss, *The Legend of Joseph* and *Don Quixote*. Then the Royal Danish Ballet offers an all-Bournonville program: *Kermesse in Bruges*, *La Ventana*, and *Napoli, Act II*. (October 12-25.) Closing the calendar will be "The Week of Boulez" with Maurice Béjart's Ballet du XXme Siècle dancing *Pli Selon Pli*. (October 26-November 1.)

Opera

In 1936, *Pravda* accused Shostakovitch of tickling "the perverted tastes of the bourgeois [Western] audience" with the "jittery, noisy, and neurotic music" of his opera **Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk**. Unfortunately, Western audiences weren't as tickled as *Pravda* supposed. The Cleveland Orchestra and singers from a group called Art of Musical Russia performed the opera in New York and Cleveland, and many were scandalized when the operatic lovers retired behind bedroom curtains to the accompaniment of licentious trombone glissandos. The critical reception was generally cool, and the opera dropped from view.

Shostakovitch later soothed official feathers with an expurgated version named after the opera's heroine, *Katerina Ismailova*, which received some play in both the Soviet Union and the West. But now the San Francisco Opera is staging what it believes is the first U.S. production of the original *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* since the Thirties. Katerina Ismailova will be sung by Anja Silja; her lover, Sergei, by William Lewis; Chester Ludgin will sing Boris Ismailov, the husband they murder; and Nelda Nelson will sing Sonyetka, the woman who attracts Sergei's roving eye in the last act. The production, in Russian, will be conducted by Calvin Simmons. (Premieres September 19.)

Dimitri Shostakovitch, about the time he composed *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*.



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Multimedia

Behind the scenes, four composers turn knobs and manipulate electronic devices. In an adjoining room a multitude of found and sculpted objects suspended from the ceiling—each acting as a resonator, or loudspeaker—comes alive with the sounds of David Tudor's "Rain Forest." This is just one of the sound environments and music-making sculptures that will be found at the Neuberger Museum at the State University of New York at Purchase this month as part of an exhibition called **Soundings**. Earl Brown and three other percussionists will also be performing in the Rain Forest room, playing on the musical stabile "Chef d'Orchestre," designed for Brown by Alexander Calder in 1966.

In the museum's foyer, Liz Phillips will install a "Sound Arch," an electric field that senses the disturbance as spectators walk through, then with a computer transforms their movements into sound. In Meredith Monk's "Silver Lake With Dolmen Music," spectators will sit in silver chairs on a Mylar lake under a blue light and listen over headphones to music from Monk's opera *Recent Ruins*. Other

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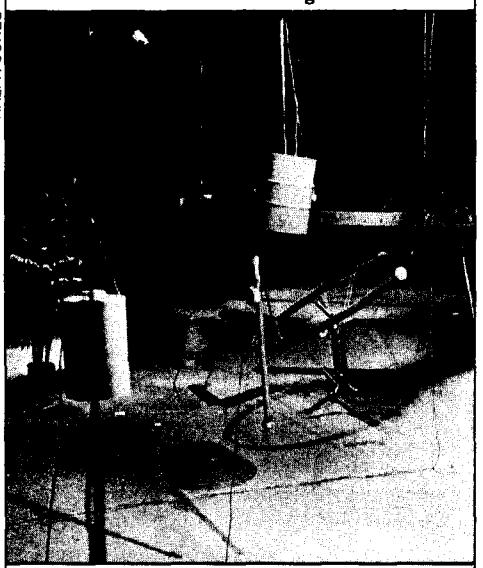
explorations of the relation between music and the plastic arts include works by Jean Dubuffet, Joseph Beuys, Arthur Dove, Kandinsky, and Klee. In addition, the Glass Orchestra of Toronto will make its American debut with their ethereal jamming sessions on glass marimbas, glass bottles, glass icicles, glass shepherd flutes, and wineglasses. (September 20 through December 23. Check with the museum for performance dates.)

"Rain Forest," David Tudor's sound environment at the Neuberger Museum.

RALPH JONES



Theater

Hazlitt called him a British Molire, but for over a century Irish playwright John O'Keeffe (1747-1833) was totally forgotten, and his plays disappeared from the stage. In 1971, the Canadian critic Ronald Bryden, then the resident dramaturge of the Royal Shakespeare Company, happened upon a reference to O'Keeffe in the memoirs of an obscure 18th-century actor. Intrigued, he searched the British Museum Library and unearthed a copy of O'Keeffe's comedy **Wild Oats** (1791). The RSC soon picked it up, and it played in London to great critical and popular acclaim.

Now the Stratford Festival in Ontario, Canada, hopes to repeat the RSC's success with a new staging by Derek Goldby. Goldby has directed plays all over the world but is probably best known for guiding the London premieres of Tom Stoppard's plays. Goldby's version of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* was an immense success on Broadway—and his underrated staging of Joe Orton's *Loot* proved he also had a deft hand for knockabout farce. O'Keeffe's comedy about a heroine abducted by Quakers and rescued by a group of strolling players in frontier America will be performed by members of the excellent Stratford company, including Scott Hylands, Fiona Reid, David Langton, and Richard Monette. (September 25-October 31.)

John Pennoyer's costume design for Scott Hylands in *Wild Oats*, at Stratford, Ontario.

Television

Starting in 1967 with *Titicut Follies*, his prize-winning documentary about the Massachusetts State Prison for the Criminally Insane, Frederick Wiseman has continued to probe behind the scenes of institutional America with his all-seeing camera. *High School*, *Hospital*, *Basic Training*, *Welfare*, and *Meat* are now followed by **Model**, to be aired this month on PBS.

Wiseman's well-known documentary technique is to let his films speak for themselves through his editing; he never uses narration. His profiles also tend to grind slowly, recording the smallest details and interpersonal shadings that inevitably convince viewers that what they're seeing is accurate. *Model* focuses on the world of high-fashion modeling in New York. Wiseman's unblinking eye could give us the most insightful portrait yet of this seemingly glamorous world. (September 16.)

OLIVER KOOL

Wiseman's camera captures a high-fashion model posing for a stocking commercial.

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The Man Behind the Boom in Chamber Music

From his base at Lincoln Center, Charles Wadsworth has shown how small ensembles can attract big audiences.

BY BERNARD HOLLAND

Once about 15 years ago," says Charles Wadsworth, director of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, "I wanted to get two friends of mine together—Pinchas Zukerman, the violinist, and Jacqueline Du Prê, the cellist. She was in New York with her husband, Daniel Barenboim, and I arrived with Pinky. They began reading through trios by Beethoven and Mozart with Danny playing the piano. It was extraordinary—three soloists, accustomed to focusing on their own egos, involved in the joy of this kind of exchange."

Until Charles Wadsworth began spreading the chamber music gospel at New York's Lincoln Center, such exchanges were seldom available to the public in concert halls. Most audiences still embraced the 19th-century Byronic ideal of the artist-as-hero, preferring to see Zukerman, Du Prê, and Barenboim in solo recitals or alone against the backdrop of a supporting orchestra. Wadsworth's sense of the enchantment buried in chamber music literature, his knack for programming it and for finding the right performers to rejoice in it, has created a boom in chamber music.

Last season, the Society's concerts at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall were sold out, and 88 percent of last year's season-ticket holders renewed their subscriptions as soon as this season's series was made available. The Society's *Live From Lincoln Center* performances on public television have drawn audiences nearly as large as those of the Metropolitan Opera. Around the country too, chamber music concerts are selling out—from South Carolina's Spoleto Festival to Portland, Oregon. In 1971, there were 41 professional string quartets active in the U.S. and this year there are 77. Today, there is scarcely a city in the country that is without its emerging chamber ensembles—and audiences everywhere are eagerly supporting them. San Francisco has patterned its chamber music society specifically on Lincoln Center's, and St. Louis has recently received a grant from the Ford Foundation to do likewise.

What seems to fascinate audiences is the unique contradiction of chamber music: the individual musical ego functioning within a communal world. It is a feeling the concert hall has often denied its audiences. Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, with its great chorus and orchestra, inspires awe, and the listener almost recoils from its grandeur. But when the same composer speaks in the lowered voice of the string quartet, it is as if he has spoken to each of us individually. There is sharing and there is participation, passing from performer to performer out to the listener and back.

Chamber music's new-found public springs from no stroke of luck or any startling musicological revelations. This is rather a story borrowed from the world of commerce, beginning with a product of quality—carefully formulated, its image defined—and ending with hot-blooded salesmanship and cold-blooded marketing techniques. "What we have done away with is the idea of four old guys in tails playing 'allegro arthritico,'" Wadsworth says. The public is being convinced that small ensembles aren't esoteric, intimidating, or exclusive, that chamber music can be easily accessible and have human appeal.

Chamber music, despite its new popularity, remains what is has always been—music with a single player on a part: one violinist, for example, supporting one melodic line rather than 12 or more in the string section of an orchestra. Chamber music describes intimacy and clarity of interplay. It promises subtlety and whispered emotions. It avoids the sweeping gestures and grandiosity of larger musical forms.

"People knew about chamber music," Wadsworth says, "but they identified it only with quartets and quintets—the late Beethoven quartets or the Schubert 'Trout.' We want to show that it's much more." Wadsworth's carefully built programs retain such standard masterpieces, but he scatters a garden of musical exotica throughout: Purcell's *Trumpet Tune* for trumpet and organ, for example; or Vaughan Williams's *Four Hymns* for tenor, viola, and piano; or Glinka's "Pathétique" Trio for clarinet, bassoon, and piano. Lost beauties have reemerged and mingled with the familiar.

Wadsworth has also made concert-goers see chamber performers in a new light. At one time, audiences assumed chamber players were primarily aspiring soloists who had never quite arrived, who clung to chamber music as a median rung of success, playing quartets because no

Bernard Holland is a music critic for the *New York Times*.

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BROWNIE HARRIS

Wadsworth in his Manhattan apartment: No more "allegro arthritico!"

one wanted to hear them play individually. In answer to these prejudices, Wadsworth persuaded the stars of the solo world to come and perform with him—Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Leonard Bernstein, Beverly Sills, Pierre Boulez. Most musicians—usually absorbed in their own careers—have discovered in the chamber experience an igniting leap of communication with their peers. This electricity has not been lost on audiences, who seem exhilarated by the sight and sound of these giant egos operating in concert.

The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center retains a core of 10 member artists: Leonard Arner, oboe; James Buswell, violin; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Ani Kavafian, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; recent winner of the Van Cliburn prize, André-Michel Schub, piano; Walter Trampler, viola; and Wadsworth himself, as pianist, organist, and harpsichordist. Seven have been with the group from the beginning. All have solo careers elsewhere, but each is contracted to the Society for chamber concerts. The players' obligation includes unusually extensive rehearsal time, and this generous—and expensive—devotion to preparation sets the Society apart from the makeshift character of many chamber performances. Each program undertaken is preceded by three full days of rehearsal, mornings and afternoons. For new music and often for vocal concerts, extra time is added. The Society invites a continuing flow of guest artists to perform with member artists.

Charles Wadsworth, now 52, has been a major force in chamber music for more than 20 years. He was born and raised in Newnan, Georgia, where his father worked in a grocery store and played the fiddle at square dances. His mother sang in the choir of the First Presbyterian Church. Early in his childhood, Wadsworth showed a sensitivity to music, and his family sacrificed to buy a piano and provide lessons. At 10, he played the piano for Sunday School; at 12 he became organist for the Sunday services. A wealthy family helped send him to Atlanta for more lessons. Then came the University of Georgia, the Juilliard School in New York, and individual studies in Europe.

In 1960, when Wadsworth was still in his twenties, the composer Gian Carlo Menotti asked him to supervise chamber concerts at Menotti's Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy. Wadsworth's success there brought him to the attention of composer William Schuman, who was then the head of Lincoln Center.

New York's famous arts complex

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was originally planned to house established ensembles: a symphony orchestra, two opera companies, and a ballet troupe. At that time, chamber music was, to use Wadsworth's term, the "orphan" of the musical community. It was occasionally thriving on New York's side streets, but it was still scattered and sporadic in its activities.

It was Schuman who decided that chamber music should have a status—and a home—of its own at Lincoln Center. With this in mind he founded the Chamber Music Society and, in 1965 as the Center was nearing completion, he invited Wadsworth to run it. A year later, Wadsworth began exploring repertory, planning programs, sounding out artists. Because many of them had performance schedules planned two or more years in advance, the Society's first concerts didn't take place until 1969 when the wood-paneled Alice Tully Hall, intended specifically for chamber music, finally opened. A board of directors headed by Alice Tully made sure that the Chamber Music Society had a financial base for its future. Despite the full houses, its concerts inevitably lose money; but fund-raising efforts have brought the endowment to about $4.7 million.

Amid the elegance of Lincoln Center, Wadsworth comes to work in corduroy trousers, a rumpled shirt, and running shoes. He is, however, no distracted artist removed from the world. His associates describe him as a serious and informed executive, very much aware of the business end of the arts. A soft-voiced workaholic, Wadsworth relishes his dual job as administrator and performer, and his daily schedule keeps him constantly shuttling between his desk and the rehearsal hall. His wife, Susan, is equally busy in the same field. She heads the Young Concert Artists—an agency that gives beginning performers a professional push onto the performing stage. The Wadsworths have a daughter, Rebecca, age 10.

Charles Wadsworth's delicate skills as a program-maker are a major reason for the Society's success—and he hunts meticulously for the right material. His curiosity and sense of adventure lead him to music stores and libraries in Munich, Paris, New York, and elsewhere. He pursues tips from strangers, inspects private collections of musical scores, and browses constantly through catalogues and repertory lists. "You find Onslow freaks and Loeffler fans," says Wadsworth. "I hear from them. Last year we had Barbara Hendricks and John Aler on our vocal series. We came up with some wonderful duets by Haydn, Schumann, Chausson, and some Russian things by Rimsky-Korsakov and Gretchaninov. A lot of what I find is bad, and over the past 20 years I've had a chance to eliminate a lot of horrendous music from consideration."

Wadsworth sits by the hour in the living room of his West Side Manhattan apartment, obsessively littering the floor and his piano with scores, records, and tapes. He is searching not only for quality but for just the right balances between style and character that make a program work. "I try for tremendous contrasts of timbre, period, and personality," says Wadsworth. "I want each listener to hear something new as well as something that feels familiar. I don't expect everybody to like everything, but I want each individual to come away liking something. I can feel on a gut level what my fellow man might respond to. I come from a simple family in a small town. I don't isolate myself from the people. I want great music, but I also want music that communicates.

"Sometimes I make up programs with an artist in mind. For instance, Josef Suk, the Czech violinist, is coming this season. His father had the famous Suk Trio, and it's Haydn's 250th anniversary so we'll do a Haydn trio. I've also programmed *Cypresses*, two not very well-known movements for string quartet by Dvořák—Dvořák was Josef Suk's great-grandfather. Then we'll do the Schubert two-cello quintet—partly because Suk is such a good Schubert player but also because this is the quintessential chamber piece. I do it every excuse I get."

This month's six-concert festival dedicated to Haydn and Stravinsky is another example of Wadsworth's taste. The calendar justifies the event, this season marking Stravinsky's 100th anniversary and Haydn's 250th. More striking, however, are the similarities in personality. Both composers were practical men, tempering their great sense of adventure with good sense and self-mocking ironies. They are music's inventors, not its high priests.

Wadsworth frequently feels the urge to talk to his audiences between numbers at performances, explaining his thoughts, enlightening and charming the concertgoers. Sometimes the new music Wadsworth champions is helped by a few words in advance. From the first, he felt a strong commitment to music of the present. To date, the Society has commissioned 41 new works, 35 of which have already been performed. In all, the Society has played 605 different works in a total of 584 concerts.

The chamber music Wadsworth programs so skillfully is often subtle and complex, and new audiences find they must listen and concentrate in ways not demanded of them before. "Some listeners tell me they come to us for the first time feeling nervous, but then they find out that chamber music, rather than excluding them, offers a chance to share." It was this notion of sharing in chamber music that excited Wadsworth when he began. Because of him, more and more concertgoers are deciding it's to their taste as well. ■

The Chamber Music Society's resident performers: (standing, from left) Ani Kavafian, James Buswell, Walter Trampler, Leslie Parnas, Paula Robison, Leonard Arner, Gervase de Peyer, Loren Glickman, (seated, from left) Charles Wadsworth, and André-Michel Schub.

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Cynthia Gregory

How She Became America's Best Ballerina

She overcame a personal crisis that forced her to give up ballet for a year. Her dancing now reflects a new maturity.

BY WALTER TERRY

Cynthia Gregory returns from an afternoon stroll in the woods near her country retreat in Woodstock, New York, kicks off her shoes, and eases a sketch pad out from under a pile of *Cosmopolitan* magazines. ("My greatest unfulfilled ambition," she tells a visitor, "is to be a cover girl for *Cosmo*.") She locates a pencil and begins sketching as she talks, her mind far from the dance world she dominates back in New York City. Soon it's time to drive into town for dinner—"I hate cooking," she explains. At the restaurant, a waiter notices that she and her husband, John Hemminger, are parking their car out front; before she is seated, her customary three-olive martini is waiting.

Serene and confident now after an emotional crisis that forced her to withdraw from dancing for a year in 1975, Cynthia Gregory at 35 has emerged as America's best ballerina and one of the top drawing cards at the star-studded American Ballet Theatre. Her prodigious technique is unmatched by any other ballerina in the world, and her acting range is astonishingly versatile—from a gentle, vulnerable heroine in *Giselle* to a complete wanton in Birgit Cullberg's *Miss Julie*. She excels not only in the classics but also in contemporary works, many of which were created specifically for her. And the array of dance styles in her repertoire is as broad as any ballerina's in the world. "Her musicality is absolute," says Rudolf Nureyev, "and her technique is amazing."

Walter Terry is the dance critic for *Saturday Review*.

Gregory in the "Rose Adagio" from *Sleeping Beauty* (above), and at her country home (opposite) in Woodstock, N.Y.

It is this technique, coupled with her range of roles, that makes Gregory so special. She has a high and light jump (although she says that the leaps are the most difficult movement for her); she can execute multiple pirouettes without a waver; she balances on single *pointe* for as long as the music allows. And her *bourrées*, those fleet and tiny running steps done on *pointe* that define the Swan Queen's fluid, floating, gliding exit at the end of Act II of *Swan Lake*, shimmer as she does them, like a strand of pearls falling in faultless sequence on a velvet carpet. Other great ballerinas, Margot Fonteyn, Maya Plisetskaya, and Alicia Alonso among them, have also strung matched pearls of *bourrées* across the stage on this exit—but only Cynthia Gregory incorporates into this historic scene a full-bodied spasm of visceral anguish as she is once more transformed from a vulnerable maiden into a swan.

She is also sensationally successful as Princess Aurora in the Petipa-Tchaikovsky classic, *The Sleeping Beauty*. This ballet's great Rose Adagio, one of the most demanding segments in all of classical ballet, requires the ballerina not only to remain on a single *pointe* while being wooed by four suitors, but turned around while on *pointe*, released from the support of a cavalier as one retires and a new one steps in, and again and again to have both hands raised above the head while balance is maintained. There can be no clutching, no pawing the air, no wobbles, for here is a Princess—and nothing is impossible for a Princess. Gregory meets this challenge with breathtaking ease.

In the last few years, Gregory's dancing has acquired new sureness, greater depth, and a maturity that seems to have come from changes she made in her private life. Indeed, the story of how she developed into America's greatest ballerina sounds a lot like a soap opera: child prodigy, meteoric rise in the New York ballet world, rebellion against the discipline of dance, a year's "retirement"

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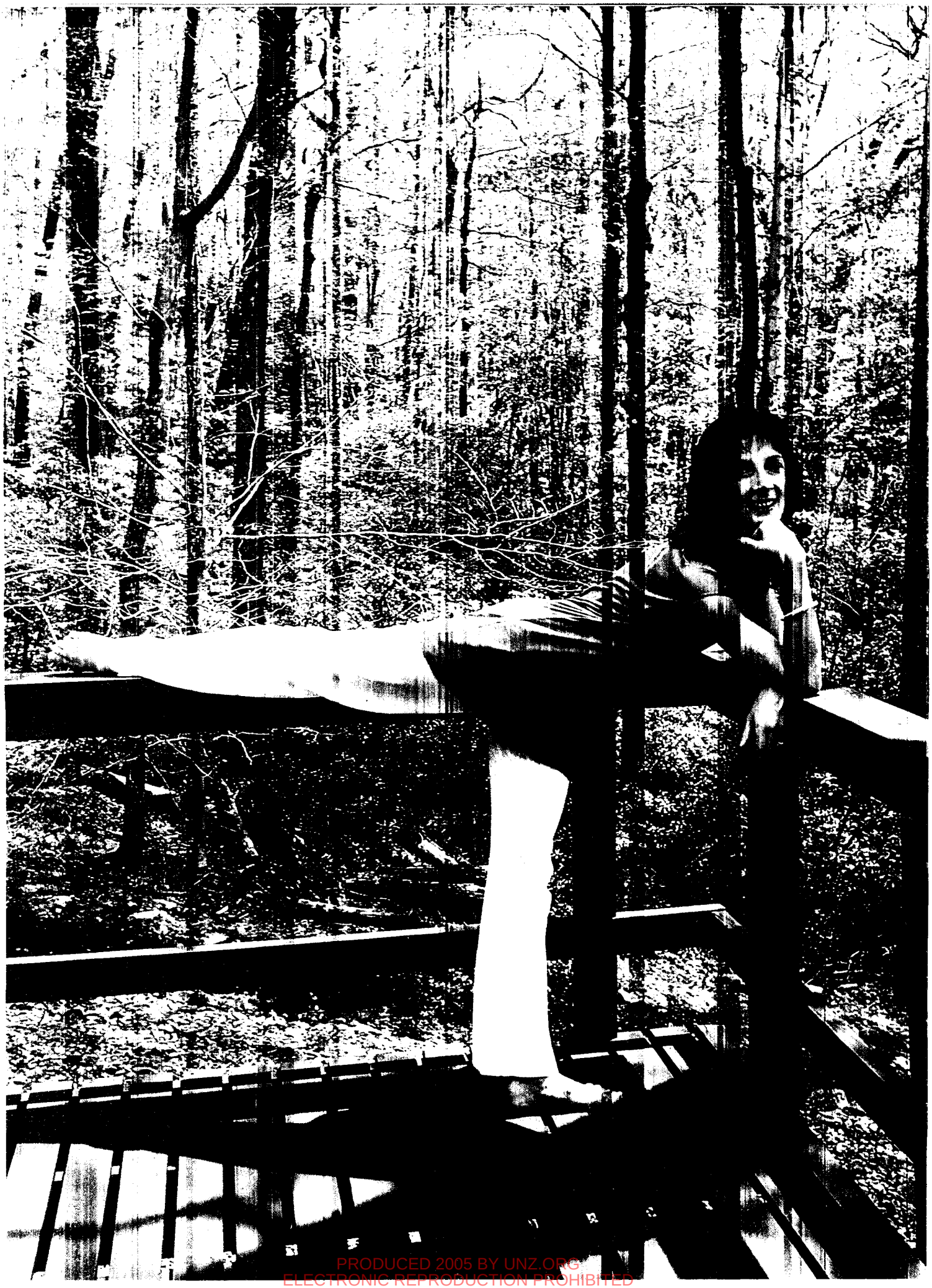

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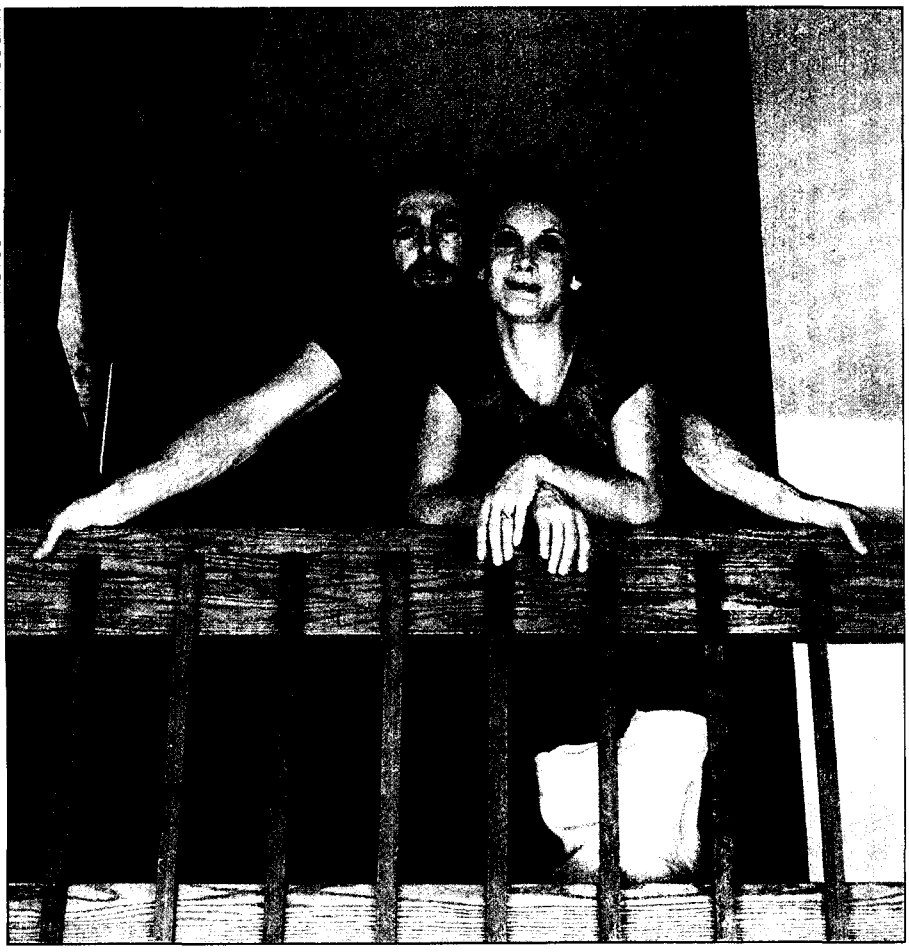

Since marrying John Hemminger (top), Cynthia Gregory has learned how to escape from dance pressures: She retreats to her country home, sketches, drinks martinis, relaxes.

at the age of 29, divorce, remarriage—then a stunning return to stardom and artistic growth. "I know now that the plot of such movies as *The Turning Point* is absolute rubbish," she says. "You don't have to choose between a private life, a personal life, and a career as the two women in that movie did. You can have both, and it's best if you do. I've come to terms with my talent because I know it's a major part of me, but it isn't all. I've learned that I'm not just a regular person. I tried very hard, when I was married the first time, to be the girl-next-door when I was offstage. I can cook and I can be a housewife, but I'm also someone else."

Like most ballerinas, Gregory started early—taking dance lessons at the age of 5 in Los Angeles, her hometown, and soon becoming a member of the Little Children's Ballet Company. When she was 13 she was spotted in a ballet class by Jacques d'Amboise, principal dancer of the New York City Ballet, who recommended her for a Ford Foundation ballet scholarship at the San Francisco Ballet. To make it possible for her to accept, her family moved from Los Angeles to San Francisco, where Gregory enrolled in the company's school in 1961 and where, in 1962, she was engaged to appear with the San Francisco Ballet itself. Her first solo assignment was the "Arabian Dance" in *The Nutcracker*.

While she was still in her teens, Gregory married Terry Orr, a fellow dancer from the San Francisco Ballet. Then, in 1965, Lucia Chase, co-director of ABT, invited them both to join her company. Orr was selected at the first audition. "I made it on the third audition," recalls Gregory. "Lucia needed a boy and a girl for replacements. We were told to take a certain ballet class. After two minutes, Terry was picked and hired. But not me. Lucia liked my dancing but I was too tall. She needed someone short. 'I'll have room for you later,' she said. But after my third try, she said, 'Yes' and I was in."

Ballet Theatre launched her on the path to international fame. She was promoted from the corps de ballet to ballerina in slightly more than a year, an unprecedentedly swift advancement in a major ballet company. Then, early in 1967, Chase assigned her to the dual role of Odette (the Queen of the Swans) and Odile (the Black Swan) for a matinee performance in Chicago of *Swan Lake*. At this engagement, Gregory was pitted against veteran ballerinas, including a star of Britain's Royal Ballet as guest

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Gregory's technique is unparalleled, and her acting range is astonishingly versatile. Above, she dances with (left) Rudolf Nureyev in Nureyev's *Raymonda*; (center) Mikhail Baryshnikov in Balanchine's *Prodigal Son*; and (right) Jonas Kage in Tetley's *Gemini*.

artist, and she triumphed. When she repeated her performance in New York, the critics hailed her as a new star. Modest, shy, and unassuming offstage, she asked the company stage manager, "Why did they have to say that? Now people will expect something of me."

Though her technical prowess was clear from the first, Gregory occasionally had problems with the emotional demands of her characterizations. When she first danced the title role in *Giselle*—an innocent heroine driven to madness and death by a perfidious lover—she found it difficult dramatically. "It's hard for me to do tragedy because nothing tragic has ever happened to me," she said at the time. "I've always been sheltered, first by my parents and then by my husband, Terry. So when I do the big tragic scenes in *Giselle* I have to pretend all sorts of sad things to myself to make it work."

As she struggled to do dramatic roles, she became more rebellious. She started speaking out publicly against ABT's management over the favoritism it showed to Russian defectors—Natalia Makarova and Mikhail Baryshnikov from Leningrad's Kirov Ballet, and later Alexander Godunov from Moscow's Bolshoi Ballet. These dancers, she complained to the press, were getting better roles, more attention, and larger salaries than ABT's home-grown talent. "There are great Russian dancers, but there are great American dancers, too," she said. "Yet if you defect from San Francisco, no one cares!" In 1974, she had accepted an invitation from Alicia Alonso to dance in Cuba—the first major U.S. artist to perform there since 1961—and later she said, "I really felt what it must be like to be a defector to our country. The difference is that the Cubans appreciate their own dancers."

Then one day, Lucia Chase ordered Gregory into rehearsals for the *Grande Pas Classique*, a virtuosic showpiece choreographed by the late Victor Gsovsky. Gregory had danced it before, but had always disliked it. At one rehearsal, ABT's ballet master Enrique Martinez, admiring Gregory's incredible balances, said, "Cyn, you could probably dance that with a highball in one hand and a lighted cigarette in the other." At the time, she laughed. But later, when she was finally ordered to perform the work, Gregory danced out on stage puffing a cigarette, which she casually crushed out with her toe shoe. It caused a *petite scandale* throughout the ballet world. "It's a vulgar dance," says Gregory, "and I just capped its vulgarity. When I came offstage, Lucia said to me, 'You'll never do that again!' And I said, 'Thanks, that's what I've been waiting for.'"

The stress of stardom and constant immersion in ballet led her increasingly into unexpected, self-assertive acts. One day, without consulting anyone, she had plastic surgery performed on her nose. "It was a perfectly good nose inherited from my father's side of the family, which is Greek, and everyone said it looked very distinguished on stage. Maybe it did. But I didn't like it offstage. It was my nose so I did something about it. When I stopped dancing for that entire year, I was again making the statement that I could do with my body what I wanted to do with it. I could also do something with it besides dance. I felt good about it."

In December 1975, she quit the ABT, went home to California, swam in the ocean, sketched, gained weight, and let the muscles go soft. "I can't stand the pressure anymore," she told anyone who asked why she had quit. Then, after 11 years of marriage, she divorced her childhood sweetheart, Terry Orr. "I never had another beau," she recalls. "He was a dancer, too. All I had ever done was dance. I had no friends but dancers. My whole life was taking class, rehearsing, performing. I knew I had talent and I thought that was the only way to treat it. But then it all seemed to fall apart, my sheltered life, and I had nothing to fall back on. I had to find myself."

One hour after she divorced Orr in Santo Domingo, June 3, 1976, she married John Hemminger. A native New Yorker, a composer of rock music, a music manager, and a pop-record producer, Hemminger, now 39, led the devotee of Bach into a whole new world of music. John's friends in the field of popular music and those who ran Greenwich Village art galleries became her friends. By December 1976, she had found the self-confidence to return to ABT.

"I got to know myself through John," she says today. "We talk about people and events and books and music, not just about dancers. We entertain a lot, sometimes at home and sometimes out, but not dancers. I used to play Bach on the piano. I still do. But John has led me to jazz and rock, and I enjoy them too. What he has done for me is to extend my horizons not only in music but in our circle of friends, in pleasures we share, in thoughts we share."

The now-liberated Gregory no longer conceals the fact that her favorite alcoholic drink is gin and not the

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ballerina's champagne, that she adores junk food, that she smokes instead of eating desserts, and that her favorite pastime is playing the slot machines in Las Vegas. "John hates them," she says, "but I give myself a $500 limit; besides, John always knows where to find me when he comes in from the pool. And I never diet and I never weigh myself. I just slip into the smallest, tightest dress I have, and if it feels comfortable, I don't give a second thought to eating another Big Mac!

"I also want to be a mother as well as a wife," she says. "I guess I'd better get to it within the next two or three years, but if Natasha can pull it off, I guess I can!" (Natalia Makarova, the Soviet ballerina who performs frequently with ABT, had her first child as she neared 40.)

Today, Cynthia Gregory's repertoire embraces an awesome range. Among classical roles, in addition to those of *Swan Lake*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, and *Giselle*, she is the mischievous Swanilda in *Coppelia*, the glittering *Raymonda*, an elusive creature of dreams in *La Bayadère*, and, on different occasions, the flesh-and-blood bride and the ghostly sylph in Bournonville's *La Sylphide*.

Her contemporary repertoire includes, in addition to *Miss Julie*, Antony Tudor's *Undertow*, in which she has enacted, at the same performance, Cybele as she gives birth to the Transgressor hero of the ballet, and the revolting, depraved Medusa whom the Transgressor ultimately murders. She dances to Stravinsky in Jerome Robbins's setting of *Les Noces*, to Mahler in Eliot Feld's *At Midnight*, and to Duke Ellington in Alvin Ailey's *The River*. She has been a Muse in Balanchine's *Apollo*, a flirtatious Glove-Seller in Leonide Massine's *Gaité Parisienne*, the hatchet-wielding Lizzie Borden in Agnes de Mille's *Fall River Legend*, the doomed Desdemona in José Limón's *The Moor's Pavane*, and a flawless, sculptured body come to life in the sensual *Eternal Idol* by Michael Smuin.

The Russian flap within ABT has subsided, although Gregory remains strong in her opposition to favored treatment for foreign artists. "Ballet Theatre and I get along very well these days. Misha [Mikhail Baryshnikov, presently the company's artistic director] is forthright and enthusiastic. I like that. I dance with Godunov. Makarova and I have great respect for each other as artists. For me, Ballet Theatre is still home."

For the 1981-82 repertory, Gregory will star in Antony Tudor's *Pillar of Fire*, the great dramatic ballet that made Nora Kaye (co-producer of *The Turning Point*) an overnight star in 1942 at its world premiere. Roland Petit's *Carmen* is also slated for this season's ABT repertory with Gregory going from the role of the frustrated, virginal spinster in *Pillar* to the sexy, loose Carmen.

Gregory is by no means casual about her dance technique and her performing duties. She takes class daily, as do all dancers, practices endlessly, studies roles assiduously for technique, style, and characterization. The technical side has always come naturally to her. "I don't know why all those virtuosic movements are so easy for me," she says. "They always have been. I don't go on stage saying to myself that I'll do a triple pirouette or slow down on a fast turn and just stay there. They just happen. I guess God guides it all and as long as He's up there I'll be all right. I know I can't figure it out by myself!"

"I want to be a mother as well as a wife. I guess I'd better get to it."

She has to work harder, however, to master the emotional aspects of a role. "I try to feel the emotion of the drama from the inside out, but if, for some reason, I can't, I try to put on, to dress myself in the necessary feeling." Partners help a great deal. "Each brings out something different in me. I don't think I'll ever be part of a 'team' because I like the variety too much. The Siren in *Prodigal Son* is one of my newest parts. I was worried at first about making it too vulgar, so I toned it down. But Misha played the Prodigal at such a pitch, I could intensify my own interpretation."

Gregory is 5′ 6″ and the five extra inches of stature she gains when on toe can be difficult for partners who certainly do not want a woman to tower over them in romantic scenes. Says Nureyev, "Of course, she is actually too tall for me, but she has such willpower she makes it work." And indeed, with her tilted head and frightened mien as Odette in *Swan Lake*, she seems to match Nureyev's height and to melt into his embraces.

Still, her extraordinary prowess and its effect on audiences bother America's foremost ballerina. "The audiences are bigger than ever," she says, and "that is wonderful but these new audiences look at us as if we were athletes. They go for the leaps and turns. I want them to look for beauty, for subtleties. The greatest danger to ballet today is that the public tends to want dance Olympics. I'm not trying to break into *The Guinness Book of Records* with turns or balances. There is much more to ballet than that."

Gregory wishes that she could educate the public in seeing that there is more in dance than technique, but as an individual, she can help younger dancers develop their art as well as their skills. It is for this reason she is willing to dance with small ballet companies throughout America as well as in the capitals of Europe and the world. "I hope I can serve as something of a model or an inspiration for younger dancers in the small companies. And if I decide, after one baby or two, that I can no longer perform as I once did, I would like to devote myself to teaching to pass on to others what I've learned from my predecessors and from my own experiences."

From her sheltered life that began in Los Angeles, through her formative years with the San Francisco Ballet to her present eminence as the prima ballerina of the American Ballet Theatre and, as Lucia Chase sees her, "one of the great ballerinas of the world," Cynthia Gregory most certainly moves into the select company of dancers that includes Fonteyn and Plisetskaya, who have earned the title of *prima ballerina assoluta*.

At one time, the title of *prima ballerina assoluta* was bestowed by the Russian tsar. Today, it can be designated by a monarch, a government, or by the overwhelming will of the world of dance. Ballet's ranks go from corps de ballet to coryphée to demi-soloist, to soloist, to ballerina, to prima ballerina. *Assoluta* means "absolute," and there are no more than five or six dancers in the entire world who bear that title today. To merit it, a ballerina must demonstrate extraordinary technique in traditional ballets and prove equally adept in a wide range of modern works. Cynthia Gregory is America's first and only *prima ballerina assoluta*. Absolutely! ■

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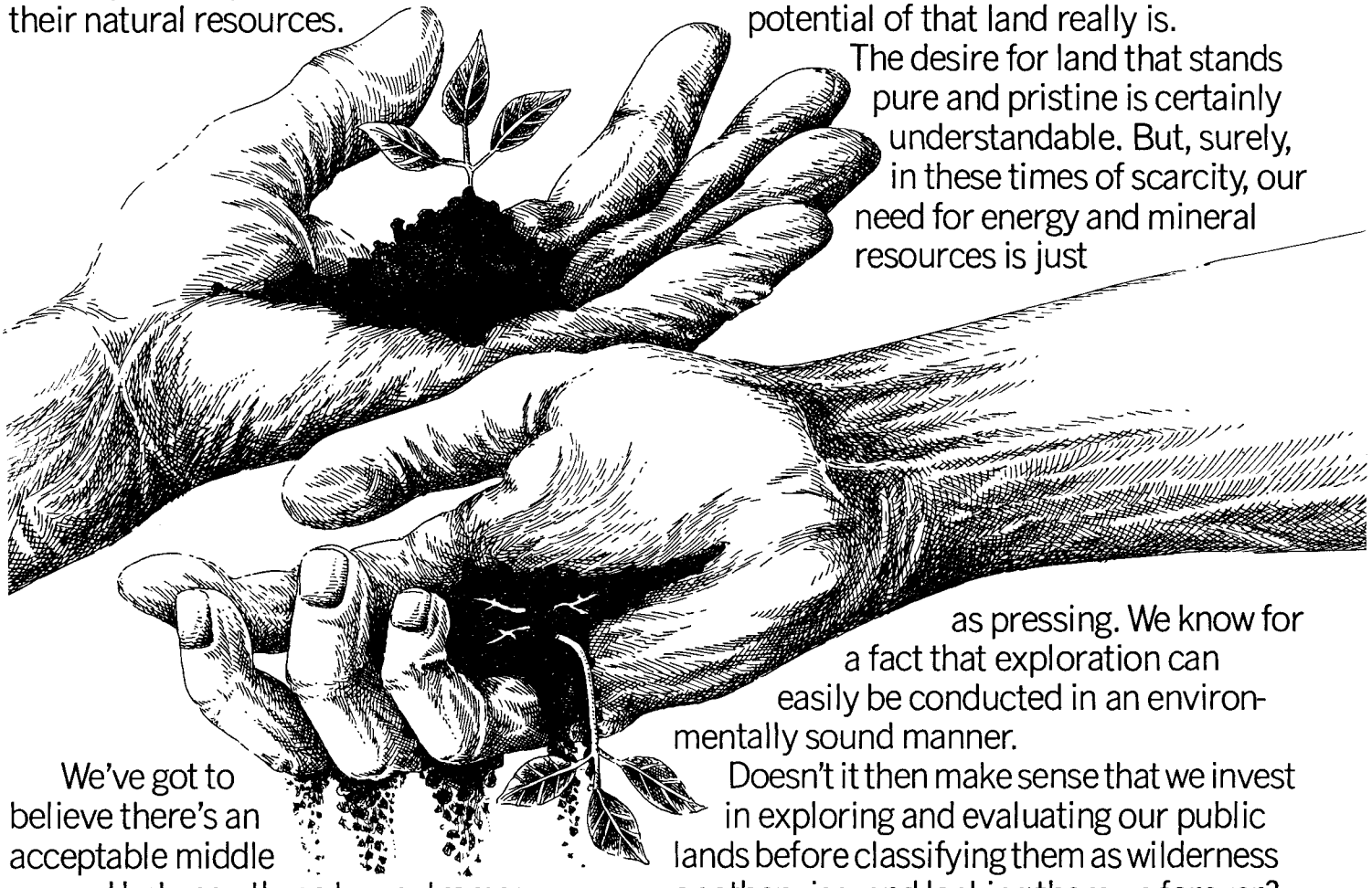

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The desire for land that stands pure and pristine is certainly understandable. But, surely, in these times of scarcity, our need for energy and mineral resources is just as pressing. We know for a fact that exploration can easily be conducted in an environmentally sound manner.

Doesn't it then make sense that we invest in exploring and evaluating our public lands before classifying them as wilderness or otherwise, and locking them up forever?

At least then we could make sure we're doing the right thing.

Or so it seems to us at Atlantic Richfield.

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Broadway's Nine-Hour Spectacular

"Nicholas Nickleby," a dazzling production of the Dickens novel, opens next month after acclaim in London. The price: $100 a ticket.

BY STEVE LAWSON

David Threlfall as Smike (left) and David Rees as Nicholas Nickleby.

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If ever a show seemed tailor-made *not* to succeed on Broadway, it's *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*. It runs nine hours in two parts, consists of 81 separate scenes, features 43 actors and 13 musicians—and it will cost $100 for a single ticket to any performance. But the Royal Shakespeare Company's massive adaptation of Charles Dickens's 876-page novel will open at the Plymouth Theater October 3 for a limited run of three months—and if the London experience is any guide, *Nicholas Nickleby* will be the first smash hit of the new Broadway season.

Nicholas comes to America on the strength of a phenomenal reception in England—ecstatic audiences, sold-out houses, and a number of glowing notices: "When is a theatrical performance a masterpiece? One answer is when it is the current RSC production of *Nicholas Nickleby*".... "A runaway hit".... "Not for many years has London's theatre seen anything so richly joyous, so immoderately rife with pleasure, drama, colour, and entertainment, so life-enhancing—so, in a word, Dickensian."

Unlike *Oliver Twist* or *David Copperfield*, *Nicholas Nickleby* isn't Instant Dickens for most Americans. Inspired by the author's desire to expose the notorious Yorkshire schools of the time, *Nicholas Nickleby* was Dickens's third book. It was also an instantaneous success, selling 50,000 copies of the initial installment on the first publication day. Before half the novel was finished, actor Frederick Yates was performing segments to rapt crowds.

Why this particular Dickens for the stage? To begin with, the story line is clear, even with many detours into subplots. A young man, somewhere around 20, is caught up in a series of exploits, and he fights his way through to ultimate happiness. Accompanied by his mother and sister, Kate, Nicholas comes to London from Devonshire after his father's death to seek help from his wealthy uncle, Ralph. Eager to be rid of this burden, Ralph packs his nephew off to a teaching post in Yorkshire and apprentices Kate to a London milliner. Unable to bear the squalor and cruelty of the school where he is teaching, Dotheboys Hall, Nicholas halts a whipping, turns the lash on schoolmaster Squeers, and flees south, accompanied by a crippled urchin, Smike.

Steve Lawson is literary manager of the Williamstown Theatre Festival. His adaptation of Bernard Pomerance's *The Elephant Man* will be aired on ABC-TV this winter.

The two vagabonds join the Vincent Crummles theater troupe, and both make a hit in a travestied *Romeo and Juliet*—a play within a play. Meanwhile, back in London, Kate's beauty and innocence have attracted the sinister pursuit of two aristocrats—the foppish Lord Verisopht and the decadent Sir Mulberry Hawk. Engaged in profitable business with both men, Kate's uncle declines to rescue her. Thanks to courage, loyal friends, and considerable help from Dickens, Nicholas redeems Kate, foils the villains, wins a wife, and smashes

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Charles Dickens in a photograph taken during his trip to America (1867-68). He wrote *Nicholas Nickleby*, his third novel, to expose cruelty in English boarding schools.

Ralph's schemes to ruin him. Enough to make any early-Victorian reader grope for a handkerchief.

So we have a picaresque hero, a sort of British Candide, whose wanderings connect the many events. Heroines in danger. Astonishing bursts of luck, and as many dark reversals. Two great, diametrically opposed set pieces—the evil atmosphere of Dotheboys Hall versus the generous romance of the Crummles troupe. No philosophical weightiness, such as permeates later Dickens. A superb collection of zany minor characters, from the Man Next Door to the Infant Phenomenon. Melodramatic staging, with endless opportunities for cheering and booing. And a tone that ranges from vaudeville to tragedy, from death to joy, from wickedness to infinite goodness. As Dickens biographer Edgar Johnson put it: "*Nicholas Nickleby* mingles the sunlight of *Pickwick Papers* with the darkness of *Oliver Twist*."

Trevor Nunn, the RSC's co-director, had long sought a major novel that the company might adapt for the stage. After a visit to Russia, where staged versions of Dickens are common, Nunn called up playwright David Edgar, a left-wing writer whose works include *Jail Diary of Albie Sachs* (seen in the U.S. at Manhattan Theatre Club), *Mary Barnes* (produced by Long Wharf), and *Destiny*, a searing study of postwar fascism that is one of the strongest British plays of the past 10 years. Edgar's career divided more or less into political creations like these and offbeat experiments, and Nunn felt he might be tempted by the chance to adapt Dickens. This hunch proved correct: Nunn suggested Edgar re-read both *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Our Mutual Friend*. "My wife looked at both," laughs Edgar, "and told me I should do it if they chose *Our Mutual Friend*. They chose *Nicholas*. This posed a severe strain on my marriage."

Instead of asking Edgar to write a script directly from the Dickens novel, Nunn and his co-director, John Caird, decided to have the 60-odd RSC actors first improvise scenes from the novel. So the book was divided up and each actor asked to give a short summary of a chapter or two. "It took an hour and forty minutes," Caird recalls. "It was also rather boring." So he expanded the process, urging everyone to add details and relate his or her section as if each were Dickens recounting his new story. "This time it was very exciting .... Trouble was, it took six and a half hours."

More improvisations and exercises were scheduled. A dozen actors in each of four separate groups focused on one passage to evolve four distinct theatrical attacks on the same material. People switched characters and exchanged ideas heatedly on the best way to play Dickens's curious people. ("Which, in a way, was more natural than it sounds," notes playwright Edgar. "This was the most 'Dickensian' cast I've ever worked with!") After that, each performer had to stand up and deliver a quick précis of a single moment from one character's life in the novel. Eight different actors chose bits from Smike's life—"all extraordinary," vows Edgar. Actress Suzanne Bertish thought back to her early theater days in Glasgow and the bag ladies stumbling through rubble in the slum districts, and she elected to try the old crone, Peg Sliderskew. "Very interesting you made

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her Scottish," observed Trevor Nunn; Bertish laughed, explained, and David Edgar subsequently wrote Peg in Scottish rhythms for Bertish to play.

Each actor met privately with Nunn concerning the parts he or she wanted. As it turned out, nearly everyone ended up with one solid role and several cameos or chorus bits. In several cases, men were cast as milliners and women as Yorkshire boys. ("If a 40-year-old man can play a boy, why not a 19-year-old girl?" retorted Caird to doubters.) Caird and Nunn cannily cast some actors in two roles so they could show their skills at portraying opposite types: middle-class husband and madman, M.P. and benefactor, thespian and roué.

David Threlfall, a lanky six-foot actor, was offered the part of the contorted Smike while standing in armor backstage during *Julius Caesar*, and was delighted to try his hand at a character who "hasn't got a mean bone in his body." John Woodvine, whose RSC experience includes Falstaff, Malvolio, and Claudius, was picked to do Ralph, the poker-faced capitalist who disintegrates as he discovers a new-found capacity for love. The role is a huge challenge for an actor, not just because Ralph grows from a static bogeyman to a mythic figure, but because "on matinee days," sighs Woodvine, "I realize I'm starting off at 2:00... and I don't reach my crisis until 10:45 that night."

Roger Rees needs just as much stamina to play Nicholas, a role he was surprised to get. "I'd actually wanted to play Mantalini, the philandering husband," insists Rees, "because I love doing unheroic character parts. But I just seem to have this knack for playing virtue." Rees's galvanic performance as Nicholas made him a stage star in England at age 35, after 12 years with the RSC.

But there was still no finished script. David Edgar summarizes Dickens's novel as "like putting a match to a box of fireworks"—and the same phrase could describe turning the novel into a theatrical event. In one cavernous rehearsal room, clusters of actors devised ways to march in tandem to represent clouds, stand in ranks to symbolize walls of houses, and combine washtubs and ropes into a moving stagecoach. Next door, Rees and Threlfall worked and reworked the Nicholas-Smike scenes to deepen the sense of mutual affection and companionship. In another building, the Crummles troupers tried to see just how outrageously they could burlesque the acting conventions of the 19th century. Performers timed the intervals between scenes to see how many seconds they could hope for in which to switch costumes, wigs, makeup, and characters.

Still elsewhere, designers John Napier and Dermot Hays were deciding just how the staggering scope of the novel could best be encompassed in a single basic set. Again, practical considerations dictated certain decisions: The Aldwych Theatre's limited storage space forbade a realistic treatment. Napier and Hays settled on truck platforms gliding in and out with furniture placed to stand for office, dress shop, or operatic stage as needed. Surrounding this stage floor was a gigantic structure crammed with ropes, ramps, scaffolds, gates, bridges, galleries, catwalks, and gangplanks—vaguely Victorian, equally adaptable to indoor or exterior scenes, and very much London.

Let loose on the set for the first time, the actors were exuberant. Very soon, street people were hurling catcalls and muffins at the tradesmen in the first scene from perches high atop the Aldwych; offstage performers were finding good vantage points above the action; and spectacular chases were being staged on a narrow platform connecting the upper stage with the front of the mezzanine—a decision that came to involve audience members in various unsuspected ways.

Between discussions about the set, Napier would dash off to confer with his other crew on the costumes—345 of them for 143 characters. En route he might intercept David Hersey, the lighting designer, or Stephen Oliver, the composer, brooding over a coda for an act break, a patriotic march, or a chorale to be sung by the entire *Nicholas* cast.

Somewhere in the center of this maelstrom, playwright Edgar, having studied the novel and the actors' improvisations from it, sat at his typewriter, doggedly pounding away. Faced with the incredible job of turning a long book into 500 pages of drama—a job made even more elaborate once Edgar, Caird, and Nunn agreed not to eliminate any subplots—Edgar saw early that *Nicholas* would have to be presented in two parts. He also decided to juice up Dickens's rather pallid heroines, to preserve and sharpen the social anger implicit in the novel, and to rethink the sentimental ending.

PHOTOS BY CHRIS DAVIES

A scene from the production in London. The critics raved, long lines formed for tickets, and the leading actors were mobbed nightly at the stage door like rock stars.

At one point, the actors' uncertainty as to just *what* they were working on became so great that the more intrepid ones would hover at Edgar's side, ready to snatch a new page as he pulled it out of the typewriter. "They were in there, slaving away at Part I," groans Edgar, "and I'd be batting out Part II. During the first run of Part II, nobody had the slightest idea what was going on." Two weeks before the scheduled London opening, the script was 12 hours long and there was, effectively, no real show. "It was like two men painting the Brooklyn Bridge," says John Caird. "They just know it'll look better with another coat. After four more coats, it does—a bit. Then word comes the bridge has to be ready Thursday for a presidential parade!"

Nicholas Nickleby opened at the Aldwych in London on June 19, 1980, and at first the reception was lukewarm. The early reviews acknowledged the size and risk of the proj-

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ect, but asked petulantly why the RSC had bothered. The *Guardian* review set the general tone: "A perverse and needless triumph...a waste of the RSC's amazing resources." This caused a certain amount of despair among the directors and the cast. "Those first critics just sat there and frowned," remembers Caird. "The trouble is, they see something celebratory and call it facile." On some nights, the house was barely one-third full. Yet there was a tiny but encouraging sign—even those skimpy audiences gave *Nicholas* standing ovations at the final curtain every night.

Slowly, the show's luck changed. Business was spurred by two subsequent ecstatic raves in the *London Times*. Word-of-mouth spread, new rave reviews followed, and in the final weeks of the run, lines formed around the block for returned tickets. A second run was hastily scheduled for late fall—then another for this past spring. Suddenly *Nicholas* was the talk of the town. Trevor Nunn received more than a thousand letters of praise; Roger Rees and David Threlfall were mobbed like rock stars at the stage door. "I've never been in a show," stresses John Woodvine, "which had such a smell of success about it." Soon after, *Nicholas* swept the London theater awards—best play, direction, design, actor, supporting actor, supporting actress. In June, the show closed in London for good, exactly one year after it had so tentatively opened, and the cast prepared to film it for British television prior to the Broadway run. (Mobil will sponsor the film version on U.S. television in 1982.)

Creators of the RSC's staged version of *Nicholas Nickleby*: (from left) playwright David Edgar, assistant director Leon Rubin, and co-directors Trevor Nunn and John Caird.

Why has the show—thus far—been such a theatrical-social event? Partly because you can take away what you want. On one level, it's a swaggering, affectionate look at a not-always-so-merrie England; on another, it's devastating satire on a voracious, money-grubbing culture. ("Money" and "love" are the key words in the novel.)

"It's not that Dickens was a Marxist before his time," suggests David Edgar, whose leftist sympathies color the script without twisting it into a tract. "But he *was* a Victorian with a social conscience. He wanted to bring about change . . . *and* to reach a large public." *Nicholas* certainly is a crowd-pleaser, but some of its best moments are ambiguous—even dark. For example, the ending of Part II had a bizarre inspiration: a fire that nearly destroyed Trevor Nunn's Stratford home in December 1979. Driving home to Birmingham that night, Edgar heard "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen" on his car radio and was so struck by the juxtaposition of carols and catastrophe that he created the final image of the production: Nicholas, a new orphan in his arms, unsure where to turn, as the cast sings "tidings of comfort and joy." As John Caird says, "Dickensian" can mean much more than red-faced coachmen and Christmas cards.

But *Nicholas Nickleby* is lively, not long-faced. A lot of the fun is pure Dickens: the Crummles' outlandish acting; the sexual undercurrents of a card game; Mrs. Nickleby's dreamy visions of a rosy future. Everyone is a ham at heart; everyone is "on," right down to the ancient prompter who announces that she will now sing a farewell to the departing Nicholas. "What is going on?" demands Mrs. Crummles. "*I* am," snaps back the old lady, and does.

There are striking images: Smike, scuttling through the shadows like a large spastic beetle; a magical first view of the Crummles troupe, smiling as if in mystical invitation; Kate Nickleby, adrift in a sea of cigar-smoke, hemmed in by leering aristocrats; a bus "built" out of baskets and trunks; the beating of Mulberry Hawk as human horses rear and shriek in terror; and the Crummles' *Romeo and Juliet*, a compendium of farce technique: wobbly crepe-paper flames, drunks clutching flimsy walls, heroines dying in six octaves, and the Spirit of Britannia.

Will it work on Broadway, where an undertaking of this length hasn't been tried since O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* was revived in 1963? The figures and logistics on importing such a show boggle the mind: a cost of $1.2 million and estimated operating expenses of $400,000 a week, with the Shuberts and Nederlanders sharing the costs as investors. As their co-producers, Elizabeth I. McCann and Nelle Nugent (whose recent shows include *Amadeus*, *Piaf*, *Dracula*, and *The Elephant Man*) not only reinforce their position as New York's leading importers of British plays but would seem to be in line for some sort of *croix de guerre* for having temporarily reconciled the historic Shubert-Nederlander rivalry.

Unlike the London production, where you could see either part independently, audiences will be required to buy tickets to both halves of *Nicholas* in New York. They will cost $100 per person for every seat in the house. Part I runs more than four hours with one intermission, Part II runs more than four-and-a-half hours with two intermissions. Theatergoers can see the two parts on two evenings or attend any afternoon-evening double header, with an hour dinner break between parts. Nearby restaurants are preparing special 45-minute dinners.

An almost accidental hit on its home ground, this production has acquired a certain legendary status in an amazingly short time, on a par with the RSC's *Marat/Sade* and *Wars of the Roses* more than 15 years ago. The danger, of course, lies in the tremendous expectations the show has roused; the advance word in the U.S. is as sweeping as any European theatrical production has ever enjoyed. It's an extraordinary evening, and a long one, and the bumps and ruts are there. But as a mad experiment in narrative art, it's one of a kind. ■

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Mort Neumann's Prophetic Eye

He discovered such artists as Miró, Rauschenberg, and Beuys well ahead of the art world's stampede.

BY SUSAN K. REED

Contemporary art dealer Leo Castelli once said that a great collector reaches the point where he simply runs out of space. Castelli might have been talking about Morton Neumann who, over the past 30-odd years, has amassed one of the most prodigious collections of 20th-century art currently in private hands.

Neumann's Chicago townhouse (formerly the gallery of New York dealer Richard Feigen), a block away from Lake Michigan, looks unassuming enough from the outside. Inside the door, though, contemporary paintings explode off the walls at every turn. Many of the canvases (197 to be exact) have just returned from a two-month exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago, after a slightly smaller but more lavishly presented show that ran for four months at the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. "Most 20th-century collections stop with Surrealism," Neumann explains. "The National Gallery wanted to exhibit my collection because it begins with 1908 and goes until just last month." The Washington show thrilled Neumann. "More than 229,000 people came to see it, and they tell me that over one weekend there were 5,000 people. Anyway, with the paintings away, it gave us a chance to get the house painted."

A huge picture-postcard painting of the Manhattan skyline by photo-realist Malcolm Morley takes up half the foyer wall. Nearby, Neumann has placed a pair of Giacometti paintings ("Seated Man" and "Seated Woman"), a Giacometti sculpture, a Matta, "Underground Fire" by Magritte, and a dramatic de Chirico. "By the way, that's a Carl Andre you're standing on," Neumann points out. Sure enough, even the foyer floor is art: The adjoining metal tiles compose an Andre minimalist sculpture.

A few Picassos? Neumann has 25. A Miró or two? There are 17 in the dining room, among them the evocative, dream-like "Painting (Composition)," as well as the striking "Rope and People II." "As soon as I saw it, I thought it was a great painting," Neumann says. "I couldn't keep my eyes off it. I thought, 'I'd like to have a whole room of Mirós and be able to see them all over.' Miró wasn't considered very important when I bought these, but," he adds matter-of-factly, "later they became important."

On his way upstairs, Neumann pulls a large Kenneth Noland away from the wall to reach a light switch covered by the painting. At the top of the staircase hangs Robert Rauschenberg's Pop collage "Factum II," one element of which is a double image of Dwight Eisenhower. ("I was asked to lend that to the 1958 Republican Convention," he laughs.) Add to this preliminary selection Klees, Dubuffets, Légers, Mondrians, a Picabia, a Schwitters, a study filled from floor to ceiling with Dada, Surrealism, Pop, color field, Abstract Expressionism, and pattern painting, and you begin to appreciate the scope of the collection.

At 83, Morton Neumann has been collecting art for more than 30 years. Born and raised on Chicago's South Side, he still runs a highly successful, if little-known mail-order cosmetics business, Valmor Hair Styles and Valmor Products. "Collecting art just came automatically," he explains. "As a young kid I visited museums all the time. I couldn't get over some of the paintings I saw. And of course I remember the commotion over modern art at the Armory Show in 1913."

In 1948, at the age of 50, Neumann and his wife, Rose, made their first buying trip to Paris. They have been back every year since. "I didn't know much about American art in those days," he admits, "but I felt that the art I had seen in Europe was great." It was during that trip that he met the first of the dealers and artists who would significantly influence his collecting. "Without the great dealers I've met, I wouldn't have this collection," he says. He rattles off a string of legendary figures: Pierre Loeb (who sold Neumann his Cubist Picassos), Pierre Matisse (the Dubuffets, Mirós, and Matisses), Curt Valentin (the postwar Picassos), Sidney Janis (Picabia's "Amorous Parade"), Ivan Karp (the photo-realists), and Leo Castelli (Pop). "I feel very fortunate," Neumann explains. "It's a very important part of collecting to know the marvelous dealers and great artists. The dealers showed me a lot. But," he says with the assurance of a self-made man, "I always formed my own opinions and made my own decisions."

Neumann's assemblage is known officially as the Morton G. Neumann Family Collection because the whole family collects—including Neumann's

Susan K. Reed is an assistant editor at *Saturday Review*.

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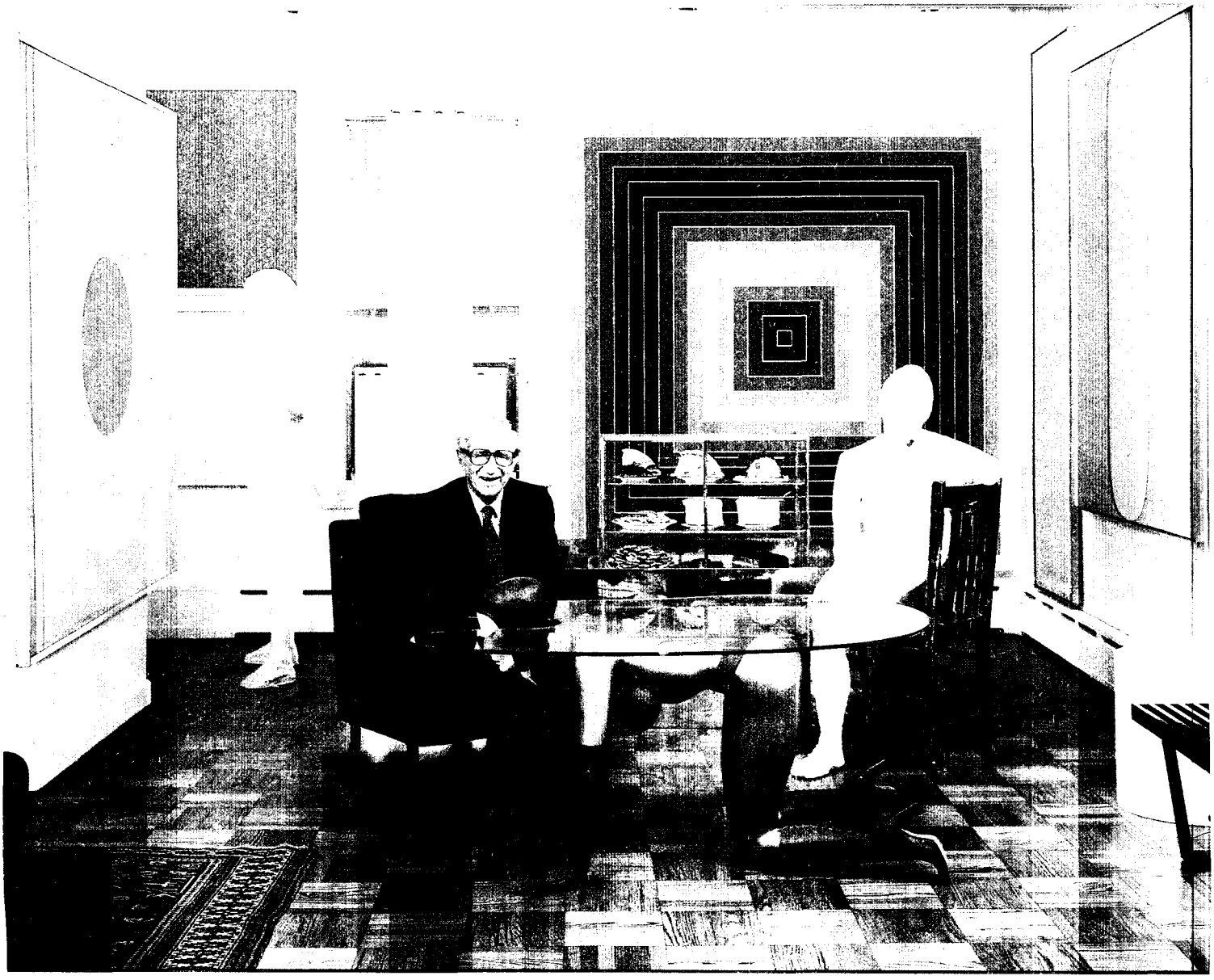

PHOTOS BY ALEXAS URBA

Surrounding Morton Neumann, above, are paintings by: (from left) Kenneth Noland, Yves Klein (top), Enrico Castellani (bottom), Frank Stella, Morris Louis, Ellsworth Kelly. Sculptured figures at left and right are by George Segal. The neon sculpture is by Dan Flavin. "Pastry Case II" (center) by Claes Oldenberg. Table (foreground and left) is by British artist Allen Jones.

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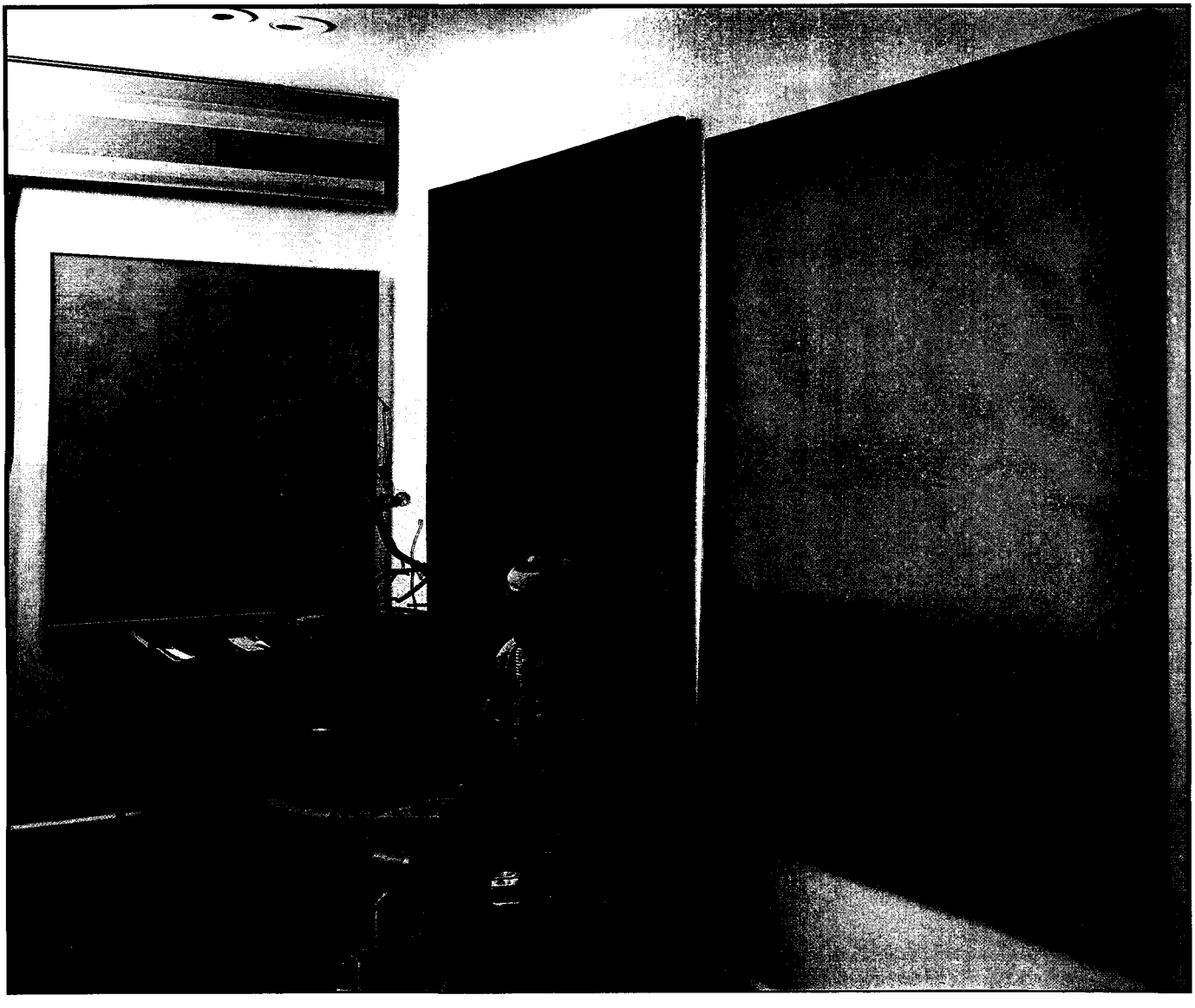

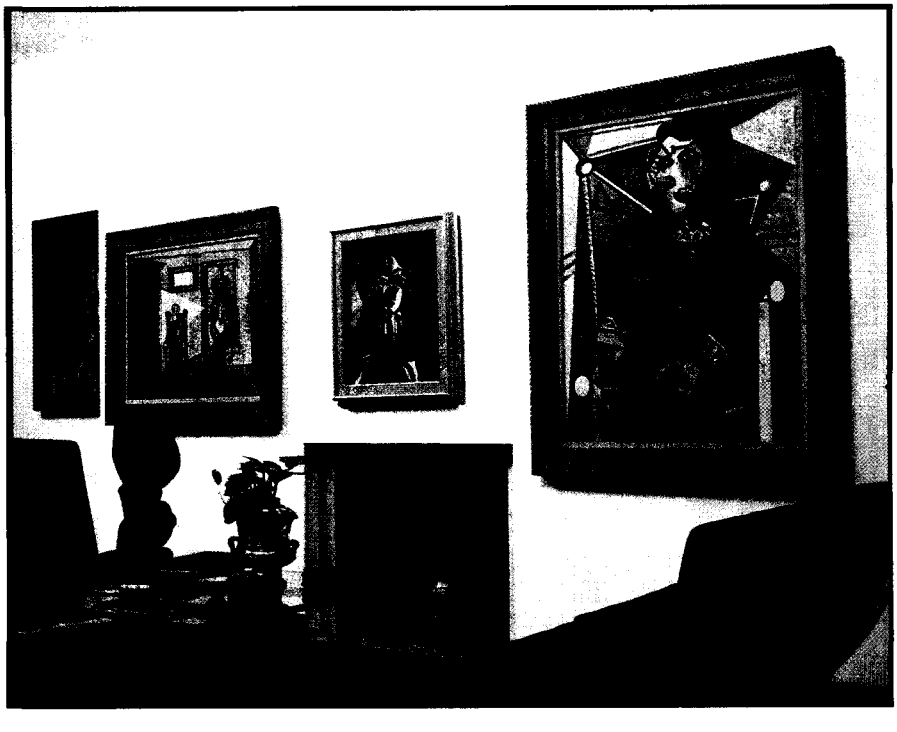

Above: (from top left) paintings by Morris Louis, Philip Guston, Antonio Tapies, and Mark Rothko. Sculptures by Duane Hanson (the woman) and Jean Tinguely (the drum).

Right: Three Picassos from the Forties: (from left) "Two Women in the Interior." "Woman With Flowered Hat," and "Woman in an Armchair."

Opposite top: the "Dada room": objects and drawings throughout by Man Ray, Marcel Jean, Kurt Schwitters, and others. The hanging suit (background) and case (at Neumann's feet) are by Joseph Bueys.

Opposite below: Paintings (left, top to bottom) by Tom Wesselmann, Wayne Thiebaud, Jim Dine, (right, top to bottom) Wesselmann, and Philip Pearlstein.

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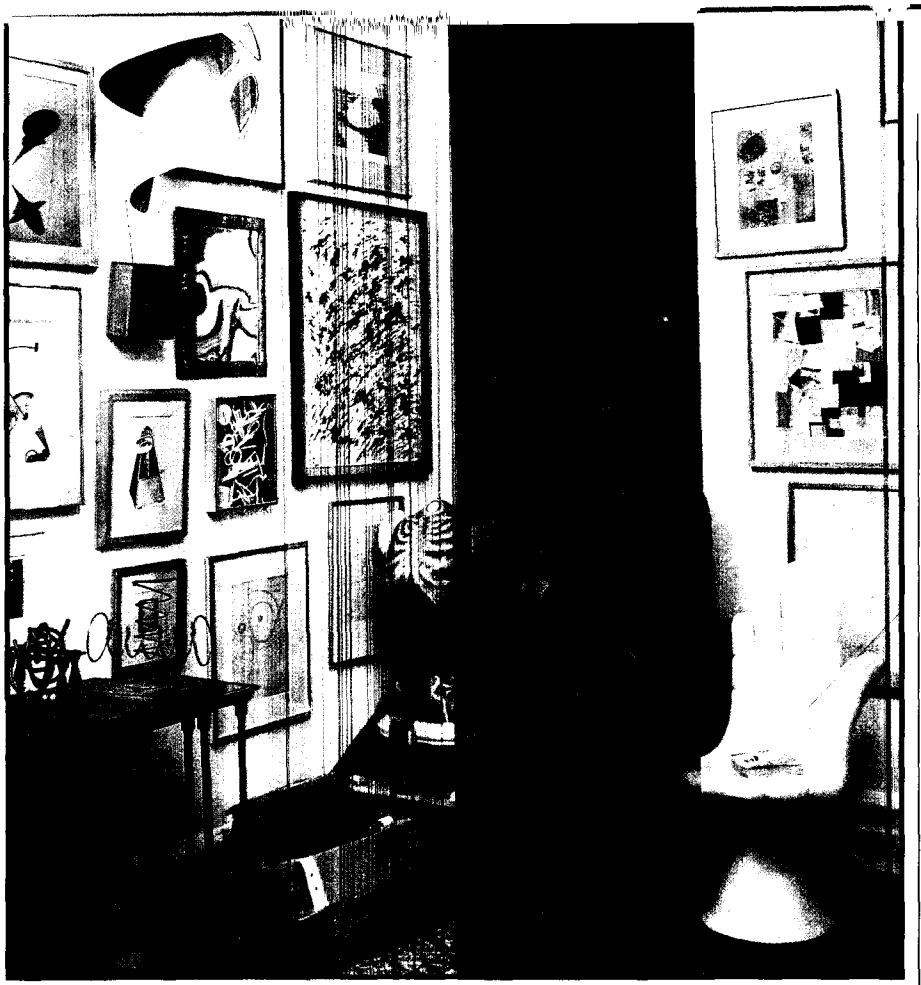

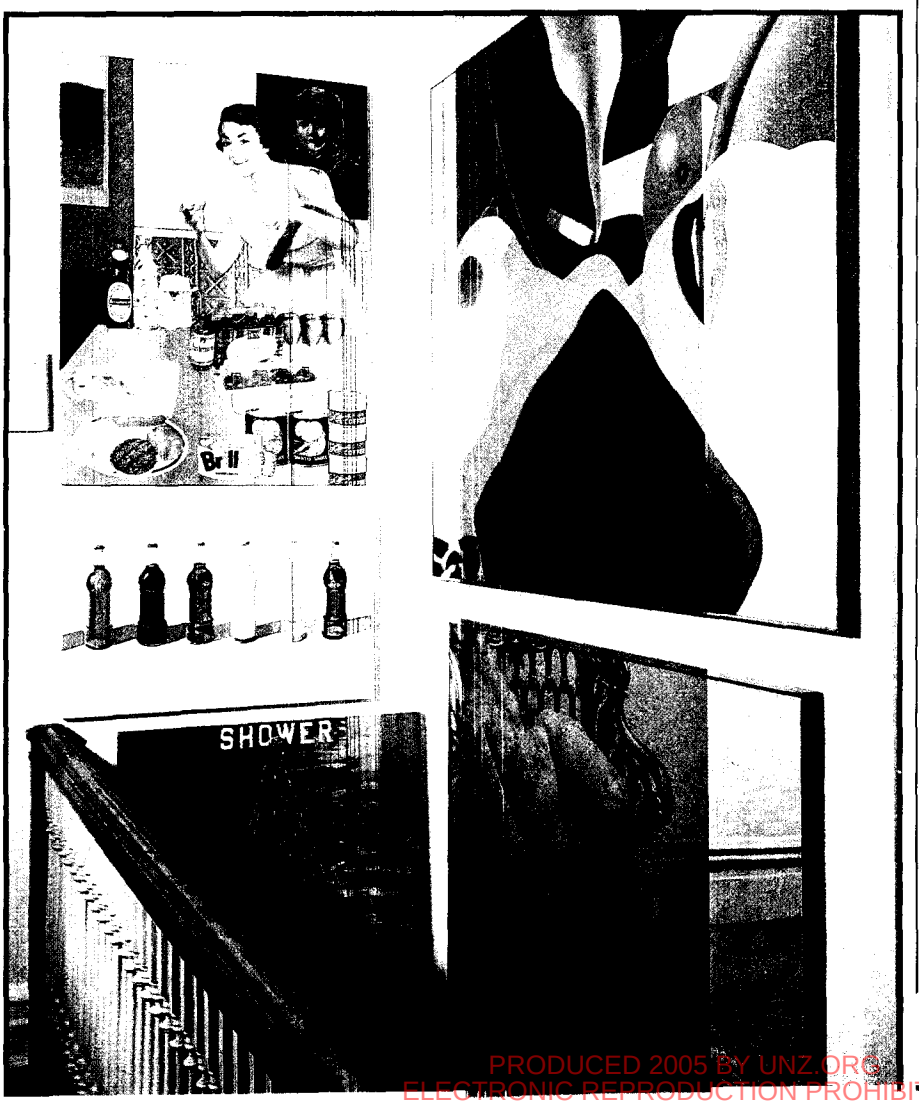

two sons, Arthur and Hubert. But though the collection is renowned for its quality, it is really Morton Neumann himself who is the chief phenomenon. He buys with an insight and an eye for talent that make his purchases of avant-garde art consistently prophetic. "He has a brilliant visual sense," says one New York dealer. "But he also knows how to listen, and more importantly, whom to listen to."

Looking around at a collection said to be worth $50 million, Neumann says, "None of these paintings cost very much when I bought them." For example, on his first trip to Paris Neumann met dealer Pierre Loeb. "I felt he was such a knowledgeable person, I went to his gallery every day and sat and listened to him. One day I saw a man throw a kiss at a painting he was looking at. I asked Pierre who the man was. He said he was a critic. I liked the painting very much and asked if he would sell it to me. He said, sure. Later I asked him the name of the artist. He told me, 'Giacometti.' It's the 'Seated Man' in the entry."

Neumann followed his own instincts even when experts tried to convince him otherwise. "When I bought some of my best Picassos," he says, "people told me not to touch anything that wasn't from the Blue period. Another day, years later, I was at Leo Castelli's gallery in New York City. I bought three paintings that interested me: Rauschenberg's 'Factum II,' a Lichtenstein ["Live Ammo"], and a Cy Twombly. A man walked up to me in the gallery and said, 'Mr. Neumann, I saw the beautiful Dubuffets in your collection. Why are you buying this junk?' I told him, 'That's what people told me when I bought the Dubuffets. "

Some of Neumann's art doesn't look like art—and he has some humorous stories to tell about his experiences with it. "Once the burglar alarm in this house went off by accident when Rose and I were out. When we got home the police were here. One of the officers looked pretty shaken. While checking around he had suddenly come upon Duane Hanson's sculpture 'The Drinking Man' lying on the floor in the study, and been scared out of his wits. He said to me afterwards, 'Mr. Neumann, I almost put a bullet through that guy.' Now I keep a sheet over it most of the time—it's really not fair to startle people." The white sheet states in bold letters: "This is not a real person. This is an art work."

"I've also had some funny experiences clearing customs," Neumann adds. "A few years ago we were coming back from Europe, and one of the works I was

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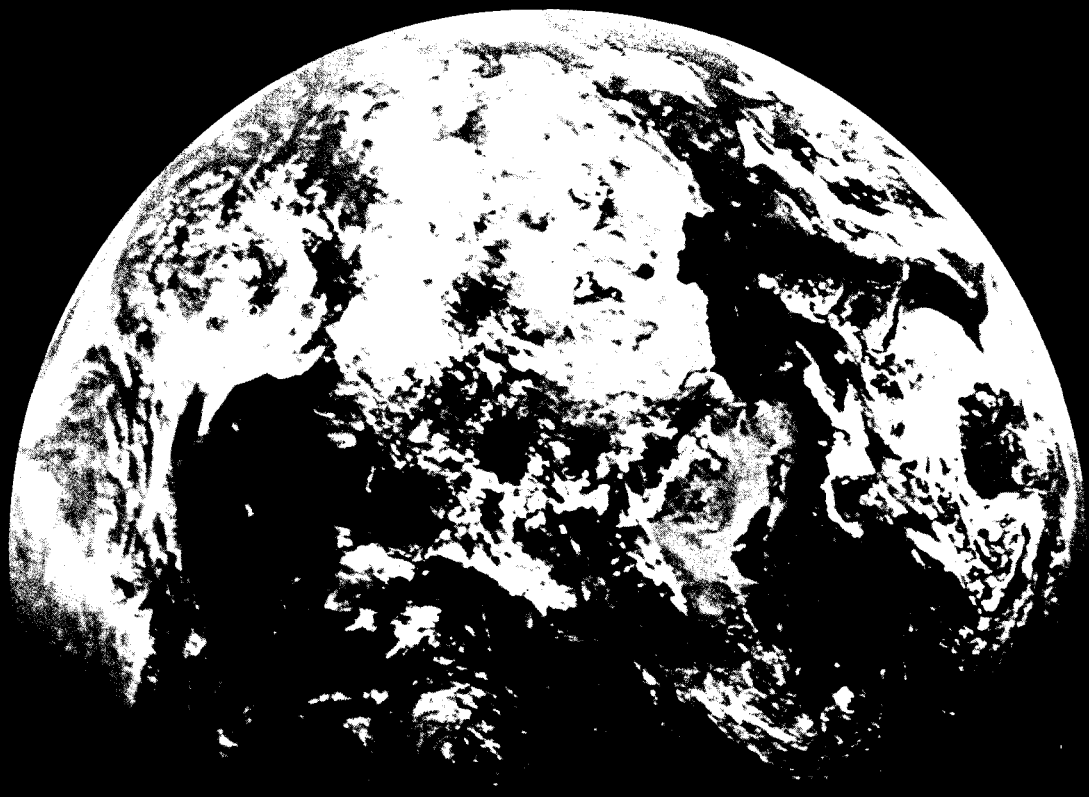

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"Woman of Venice II" by Alberto Giacometti.

bringing back was the 'Suit' by German artist Joseph Beuys—it's an oversized jacket and pair of pants on a hanger. It was packed in a big box. The lady customs official looked a little puzzled and asked what it was. I told her it was art I had bought recently. She looked at it again and said, '*That's* art?' Then she turned me over to the head of customs."

Has Morton Neumann ever made a mistake in buying a painting? He bristles at the question. "I don't use that term, mistakes. The people who do are using it in a commercial sense that I don't like. I have great respect for the art I collect—I must have seen something in it that appealed to me; eye appeal, psychological appeal, whatever you want to call it. If I hadn't, I wouldn't have bought it."

But Neumann does acknowledge an occasional regret. For instance, one of the few modern masters missing from his collection is Jackson Pollock, and he points to the gap as part of his education. "I saw a beautiful Pollock in a gallery in New York once, and went home to think about it overnight," he recalls. "I didn't know about the 'reserve system' in those days, whereby you can reserve a painting while considering whether to buy it. I made up my mind that I wanted it and went back to the gallery the next day. It was gone. Pollock was killed in a car accident that summer, and after that, his paintings got too expensive."

Neumann's friendships with artists are as important to him as their work. He has sought out many of the artists himself. Once at lunch with Tristan Tzara at the Café Deux Magots in Paris, he discovered where Man Ray lived. "I admired his work, so I went to visit him at his atelier and bought some of his Dada pieces. One of them was a drawing for a small sculpture he had made called 'Object of Destruction.' The sculpture had been on exhibition in a Paris gallery, and because of its title somebody had taken a shot at it and destroyed it. I asked him if he could make another one for me. He did, only he titled this one 'Indestructible Object.'" Neumann picks up the sculpture and turns it over. Written across the back are the words "Indestructible Object. Reconstructed 1958 after destructed original. Made for Morton Neumann. Man Ray."

He also used to visit Philip Guston and Franz Kline in their New York lofts. Neumann's house is filled with the memorabilia of such visits. Framed on a downstairs wall is a crayon drawing of a smiling face. It says across the top, "Pour Morton Neumann," and it is signed: Picasso. He hauls out one of his numerous picture albums. "Here Rose and I are with Miró in Spain. And here we are with Picasso and his wife Jacqueline in Antibes." Many of these artists have visited Neumann in Chicago; his guest book reads like a Who's Who of 20th-century painting.

Yet Morton Neumann is still open to new art forms. "I like to look at things the way young people look at them—younger artists are always giving me new experiences. For example, Pop art made me aware of comic strips and advertisements. Photo-realism made me look totally differently at the common scenes of everyday life. Just recently, pattern painting has made me more aware of designs in rugs and tapestries." Whose paintings has Neumann bought recently? "Well, I got a Donald Sultan and a Julian Schnabel, and I also got a Hollis Ziegler narrative painting. They all interest me."

And they all provide Morton Neumann with a certain status in the art world that he still relishes. Driving past the stately neoclassical Chicago Art Institute, he points up at the brilliantly colored banners heralding current exhibitions. With great delight he says: "My name was on one of those last spring!" ■

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John Irving's Bizarre World

His new novel, "The Hotel New Hampshire," is an epic fairy tale that is bound to be a best seller. But it doesn't measure up to "Garp."

BY SCOT HALLER

Irving at his home in Putney, Vermont.

As usual, novelist John Irving is telling a story. As usual, it's an episode marked with impending violence, unending hopelessness, offbeat humor, and parental heartache. "When my younger son Brendan was a baby, he somehow climbed out of his crib, through a guest room, out a window, and onto the roof. A very steep roof. We were in Vermont then. It was six o'clock in the morning, and it was raining. Brendan's older brother Colin woke up, saw him, and ran downstairs to where I slept. 'Brendan is on the roof!' he said. I shot up out of bed and ran outside. I realized when I was close enough to the house to catch him if he fell, I couldn't see where he was on the roof. And if I was far enough back to see, I wasn't going to be close enough to catch him. So in a panic, I would run back to see where he was, and then I would run in wondering if I could catch him when he fell." Unlike a lot of John Irving stories, this one has a happy ending. "Brendan never fell off, because Colin went out the window and caught him. But I remember that situation—waiting for this kid to fall off the roof."

John Irving makes his living telling tales that turn on such bizarre, contradictory situations. Fashioning wildly inventive, delightfully intricate narratives out of his sense of humor, sense of dread and sense of duty, Irving blends the madcap, the macabre, and the mundane into sprawling, spiraling comedies of life. In his much-praised first novel, *Setting Free the Bears* (1969), two students tour the Austrian countryside and plot to liberate the animals in a Viennese zoo. In his most famous and acclaimed novel, *The World According to Garp* (1978), writer T.S. Garp's life is traced from his unusual conception in a Boston hospital's recovery ward during World War II to his murder at age 33 by a crazed female assassin in a wrestling room. In Irving's latest book, *The Hotel New Hampshire*, published this month by E.P. Dutton and touted as "the most eagerly awaited novel of the season," a New England family of seven runs a series of second-rate establishments, on occasion accompanied by a dog named Sorrow, a whore who wears a bear suit around the clock, a band of terrorists plotting to blow up the Vienna State Opera House, and a battery of rape victims. "I'm old fashioned," John Irving explains. "I love stories."

John Irving is being richly rewarded for his narrative sense and peculiar sensibility. *Garp* moved the 39-year-old writer into the "front rank of America's young novelists," as one reviewer put it. In hardcover, *Garp* sold 120,000 copies and the paperback edition is now in its 14th printing. A movie version, with Robin Williams as Garp and Irving in a bit part, will be released next year. Irving's current novel, *The Hotel New Hampshire*, is expected to swell his surging constituency. Dutton's first printing is 150,000 copies, the Book-of-the-Month Club has taken it as a main selection, and Pocket Books paid $2 million for reprint rights.

To any suggestion that a popular novel can't possibly be a good one, Irving has some ready answers. "I think, to some degree, entertainment is the responsibility of literature," he says. "I really am looking upon the novel as an art form that was at its best when it was offered as a popular form. By which I probably mean the 19th century." Indeed, like the 19th-century books he most admires—*Great Expectations*, *Moby Dick*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*—Irving's novels employ devices decidedly out of fashion: epilogues, subplots, and numerous subsidiary characters. Unlike William Gass, Donald Barthelme, and other colleagues who also first received critical attention in the late Sixties, Irving has emphasized story over style, events over experiments.

"A strong representation of the literary community expects me to be apologetic

Scot Haller is a senior editor of *Saturday Review*.

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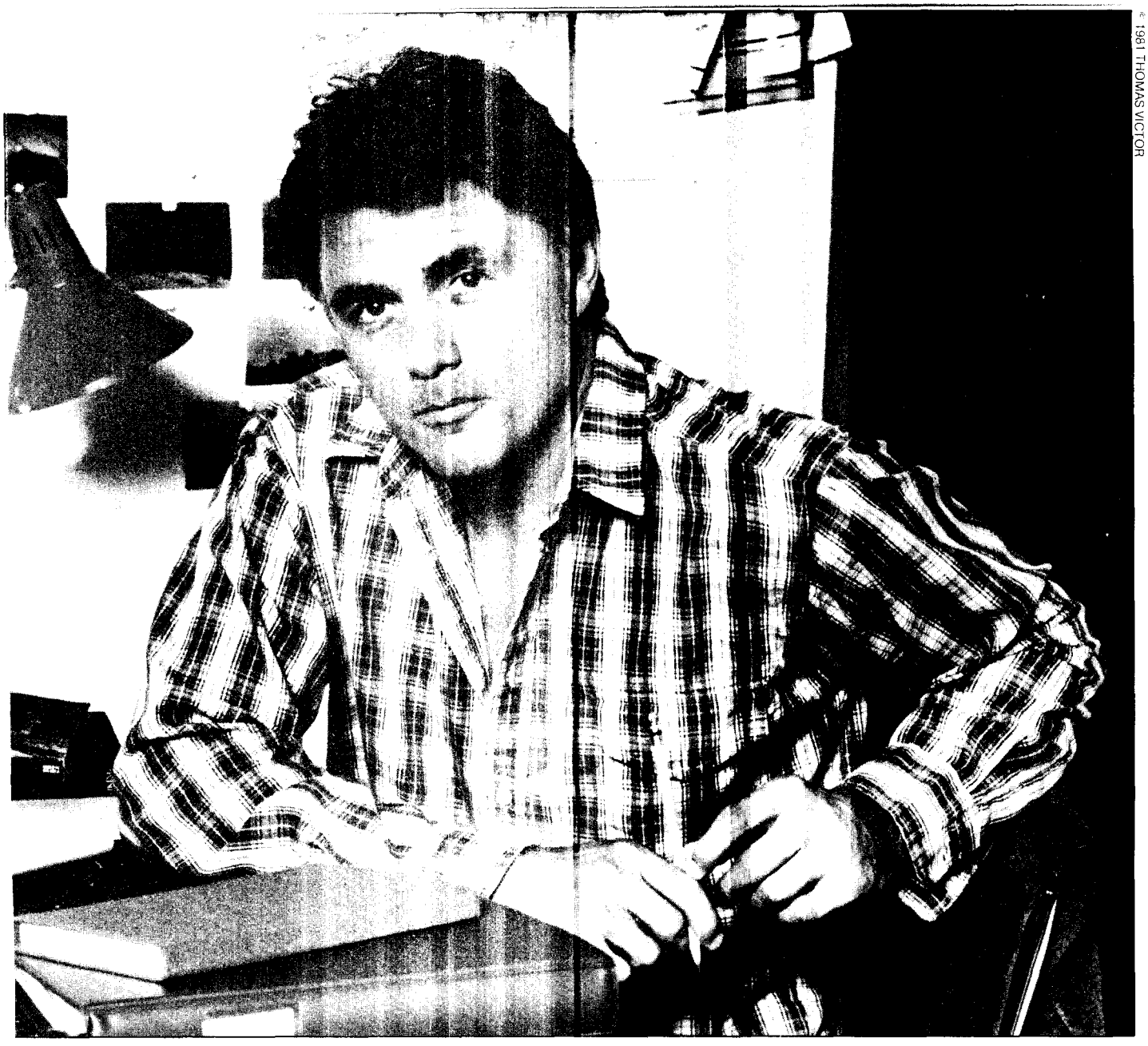

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for *Garp*, a popular novel," says Irving. "I don't understand that aesthetic: to be exclusive. Artistically, I believe in the manipulation of attention, delight in construction, seduction of the reader."

As are all Irving novels, *The Hotel New Hampshire* is a grim fairy tale. It features a patriarch Win Berry, who is more a dreamer than a father, more a child than his children. He transforms a girls' school in Dairy, New Hampshire, into a second-rate hotel. Narrated by the middle son, John Berry, "the caretaker" of his father's illusions, the story unfolds over nearly 50 years, in three different Hotels New Hampshire and on two continents. In the tradition of contemporary American literature, the family is a collection of misfits. The eldest son, Frank, is a world-weary homosexual with a fancy for uniforms. The older daughter, Franny, the focus of the book and the narrator's affections, is a precocious girl who is raped by a football team, seduced by a prostitute in a bear suit, and ultimately married to a black lawyer. John, the narrator, is a weightlifter who is, first and foremost, in love with his sister, Franny. In a nod to Günter Grass, Irving's nominee for the best living novelist, Lilly, the younger sister, stops growing in childhood, recalling the behavior of the boy in Grass's *The Tin Drum*.

Before John concludes his narrative, Win Berry will operate a Vienna *gasthaus* frequented by whores and terrorists. The family will save the Vienna State Opera House. John will experience a long session of love-making with Franny and then establish, along with his father, the third Hotel New Hampshire, which is actually a rape crisis center in Maine. Lilly dies. Frank becomes an agent, Franny a movie star. And so on.

The Hotel New Hampshire could not be mistaken for the work of any other writer, but unfortunately, it cannot be mistaken for Irving's best novel, either. It lacks the urgency of *Setting Free the Bears*, the bittersweet wit of *The 158-Pound Marriage*, the sly set-ups of *Garp*. The haphazardness that afflicts these characters' lives has seeped into the storytelling, too. As a teenager, the narrator loses his virginity to a maid named Ronda Ray, but he barely bothers to comment on the repercussions of the act. The family saves the Vienna State Opera House, but the incident (and its subsequent effects) is hardly mentioned again. John finally sleeps with Franny, but he never reveals to us the incipient causes or emotional consequences of his incest. What's the purpose of a first-person narrator if he's not going to ponder and analyze the action with a one-of-a-kind perspective?

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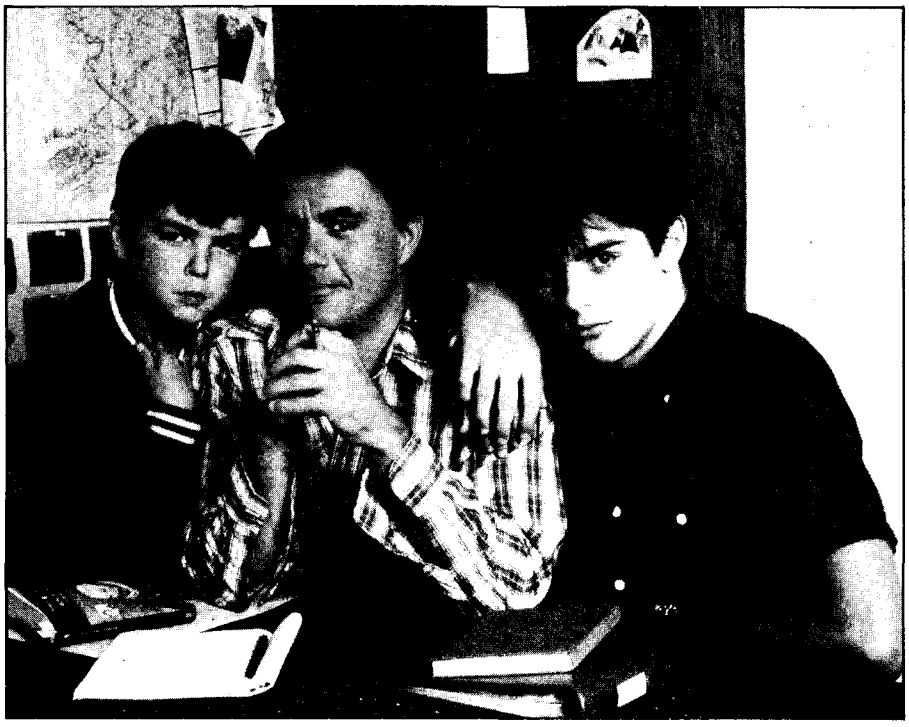

Irving with sons Brendan, 12 (left), and Colin, 16. "My father's a lot like Garp as a parent," says Colin, "very protective. And the book sounds like him. The tone is the same."

With its unconsidered events, unexplained behavior, and anachronisms, *The Hotel New Hampshire* forsakes what no story can afford to forfeit: our willing suspension of disbelief. Even on its own terms—as a modern-day fairy tale—the novel misfires: The fairy tale is a form that relies upon cause and effect, that prizes action and consequences. Missing the resonances that elevated *Garp* above "X-rated soap opera," as Irving called it, *The Hotel New Hampshire* remains a perverse *Life With Father*, a savage situation comedy.

In person, as on the page, John Irving has a knack for keeping people off guard. "He's a striking combination of femininity and masculinity," says a longtime friend, novelist Gail Godwin. "He pays extraordinary attention to household details. He's a fabulous cook and he worries to death about his children. But at the same time, there's an aggressive, Superman side to him. If a guy takes his taxicab, as happened at La Guardia Airport, John will pull the man out of the cab and knock him down."

On a recent sunny, sultry day in upstate New York, Irving is surrounded by the sweet signs of success. On the grounds of the Millbrook School, north of Poughkeepsie, New York, a film crew is setting up a sequence for the movie version of *Garp*. Past Irving run his two children, Brendan, aged 12, and Colin, 16, to whom he dedicated *Garp*.

Deeply tanned, with brown eyes, compact build, and expensive sunglasses on top of his head, Irving looks like Hollywood's conception of a novelist: Warren Beatty as an award-winning writer. His clothes are casual—green Lacoste shirt, green cutoffs, gold watch, gold ring, the colors of money and prestige, as Garp might observe—but his manner is restrained. Although this is one of the summer's hottest days, Irving doesn't seem to sweat. For lunch, he selects a few spoonfuls of salad and fruit, which he washes down with club soda. While Robin Williams does comic routines at the other end of the table, Irving discourses about the nature of narrative.

"People always ask writers about the experiences they've had that made them writers," he says. "I think experience is vastly overrated. Some of the most primary experiences for me have been the books I've read. It was very much reading as a young boy that made me want to become a writer."

As befits his preppy demeanor, John Winslow Irving was born on March 2, 1942 in Exeter, New Hampshire, where his father taught Russian history at the prestigious Phillips Exeter Academy. One of three children, Irving attended Exeter and displayed affinity and affection for two activities—writing and wrestling—that remain, for him, inextricably linked. "One reason I got an early start as a writer," says Irving, who published his first novel, *Setting Free the Bears*, at age 27, "is that I was able to put in long hours when I was young. As a wrestler I was used to training. There's a certain boring routine to staying in shape, and it's a practice for writing, which is about seven-tenths tedious work, a kind of daily maintenance."

A restless undergraduate, Irving had already attended two other colleges and married photographer Shyla Leary by the time he graduated from the University of New Hampshire in 1965. Moving to the Midwest, he enrolled in the graduate writing program at the University of Iowa. There, the family man found a family of writers—Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., John Casey, Gail Godwin—who remain his friends today. Even among such formidable associates, Irving displayed the ambition and puritan spirit that still characterizes him. "Shyla and he were living in a tiny apartment then," recalls Gail Godwin. "And John had to turn a closet into his study. He had put up little things to encourage him. Favorable letters about his work, that sort of thing."

Following graduation from Iowa in 1967, Irving supported his family with teaching assignments while he wrote a trio of novels published by Random House. *Setting Free the Bears* sold 6,228 copies, quite respectable for a first novel. *The Water-Method Man* (1972), Irving's next book, sold only 6,906 copies, not so respectable for a second effort. Irving's third novel, *The 158-Pound Marriage*, sold a disastrous 2,560 copies.

John Irving had written three novels, and nobody knew it. "I resented like hell that I didn't make enough money from writing to live on. I come from a middle-class family, and I really hated coming into my middle thirties feeling very much a professional at what I did and still scrounging around. I didn't want to be rich, but I goddam well wanted enough money to afford myself." Determined to see that his next book reached the masses as well as the *literati*, Irving opted out of his option at Random House and sold *Garp* for a $20,000 advance to the late Henry Robbins, editor-in-chief of E.P. Dutton. Robbins designated *Garp* Dutton's top title for spring 1978.

With its plethora of plot and comic characters, the book was immediately and enthusiastically embraced by a story-starved public. T.S. Garp was pronounced a cousin to J.D. Salinger's Holden Caulfield and Joseph Heller's Yossarian. The lavish promotional campaign for the paperback included *Garp* bumper stickers, baseball caps, and sweatbands. The cockeyed story of writer and wrestler T.S. Garp turned into a

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Cinderella story for its author and a *cause célèbre* for its readers.

As the original title *Lunacy and Sorrow* suggests, *Garp* is a manic, melancholic carnival of a book. Young T.S. Garp grows up on the grounds of a snotty boarding school, where his mother, the iconoclastic Jenny Fields, is the campus nurse, husbandless mother, and social outcast. Teenaged Garp grows into a writer in Vienna, urged on by an aging whore, and his mother who is herself writing her life story, *A Sexual Suspect*. That autobiography will propel Jenny Fields into feminism, celebrity, and untimely assassination. Garp embarks upon his own career back in the United States, in a world populated and complicated by his wandering wife; his own fondness for babysitters; his best friend Roberta Muldoon, who is a transsexual and former tight end for the Philadelphia Eagles; and, in the climax of the book, a freak automobile accident in Garp's own driveway, an incident that kills one beloved son and partially blinds another.

"A friend of mine told me that I simply wrote *The World According to Garp* to purge myself of all my own obsessions," says Irving. "This friend thought it was a novel in which I indulged all my own worst nightmares and made them come true so that perhaps in real life they wouldn't." The story's violence was vehemently criticized by the book's opponents. "I have to say that these pages made me sick," wrote *Newsweek* book critic Walter Clemons.

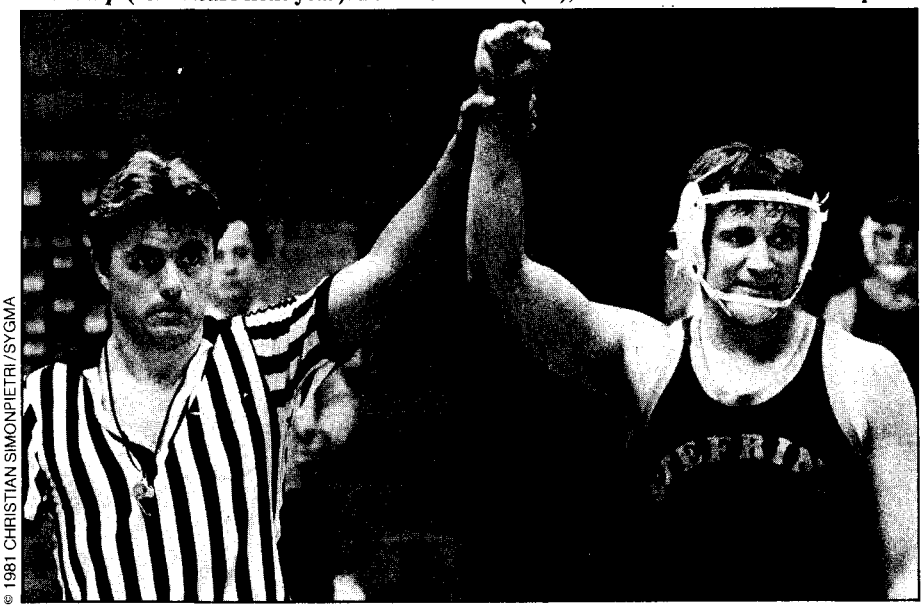
Those charges still rile the writer. "People who think *Garp* is wildly eccentric and very bizarre are misled about the real world," insists Irving. "I can't imagine where they've been living or what they read for news. Five out of seven days I find things in the *New York Times* that seem to me far less explainable than the rather human behavior in *Garp*." Indeed, what Irving now mistrusts about his novel is its ultimate optimism. "I think it might have been too uplifting at the end, too guilty of wishful thinking."

Upon publication, *Garp* prompted some wishful thinking about its author, too. "People wouldn't believe me when I told them Shyla and John hadn't ever lost a child," says one longtime associate. Strangers called Irving in the middle of the night to commiserate about deceased sons and daughters. Certain that the author must have lost an ear in a childhood accident, as does Garp, a woman began examining Irving's scalp at a Manhattan party. "I've led a very ordinary, uninteresting life," Irving insisted.

"My father's a lot like Garp as a parent, very protective," says Colin Irving. "And the book sounds like him, if you've ever heard him tell a story at the dinner table. The tone is the same. But *Garp* is in no way autobiographical. I mean, *I* didn't even know some of the things that went through his head until I read *Garp*."

Why did *Garp* strike a nerve with the public and a gold mine for its author? Certainly the bounty of complications and comedy elevated the book above its competition. But the novel's essential appeal may stem from Irving's affection for the sweeping, classic storytelling of an earlier era. In *Garp*, Irving grafted 20th-century subjects—feminism, pop celebrity, sexual confusion, commonplace violence—onto a 19th-century framework. The events in *Garp* suggested that the world was chaotic and cavalier, but the execution of the story—with its classical from-life-to-death scope, plot payoffs, and neat resolutions—suggested that order can be sculpted out of confusion. *Garp* managed to be simultaneously riotous and reassuring, nihilistic and ennobling.

Wary of a new medium, Irving wouldn't write the script for a film of *The World According to Garp* (for release next year). But he acts in it (left), with Robin Williams as Garp.



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There is, of course, life after *Garp*, despite that novel's gloomy insistence to the contrary and the disappointment of *The Hotel New Hampshire*. Irving's next story will forego the epic structure of his two recent books. He wants to write a novel suitable for a reading in one sitting, probably set in New England during a Fifties apple harvest, and using as its model Turgenev's *First Love*, the tale of a father and son in love with the same woman.

In the meantime, Irving is acting as an adviser on the movie version of *Garp*, coaching Robin Williams on the athletic moves required by the role, overseeing the cameo parts his two sons are playing. (They are cast, appropriately, as wrestlers.) Despite his involvement with the production, Irving did not write the *Garp* screenplay. (Steve Tesich, who wrote *Breaking Away*, did the adaptation.)

Besides the movie sale, the burgeoning visibility, and the swimming pool he has installed at his home in the small town of Putney, Vermont, *Garp* has granted its author another luxury: He no longer must teach to augment his income. "In a sense," says Gail Godwin, "John wrote into *Garp* a scenario for himself. And then he made it happen."

"John's attitudes really haven't changed with success," observes another old friend. Indeed, always prepared to grapple with whatever opponents the world presents, Irving still runs and works out with weights each day.

Out of nowhere, Brendan Irving materializes on the porch of a school building, where John Irving has sought shelter from the sun. Brendan starts to smother his father with a blue satin baseball jacket that has *Garp* emblazoned in white letters on the back. A few yards away, in the searing afternoon heat, Robin Williams is wrestling a huge dog to the ground for a scene in the movie. Strolling by are several children wearing red nightshirts for a Christmas Eve sequence. It's an action-packed, crazy panorama, worthy of the novelist himself. Irving responds accordingly: "This is chaos," he says. The comic absurdity of the scene doesn't bring a smile to his face, though. Writer, wrestler, worrier, John Irving is still waiting for someone to slip off the roof. ■

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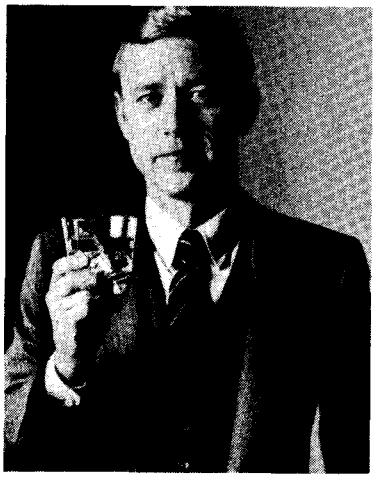

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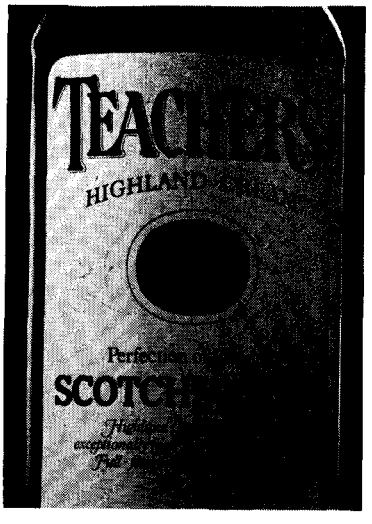

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"I Think About Death Every Day"

Artist Francis Bacon tells why his paintings seem so violent and how the upheavals in his life influenced him.

BY JOSHUA GILDER

Early on, Francis Bacon became identified with the imagery of his paintings: the split-open carcasses and strings of offal. He says he could often see the dismay register in people's eyes as he approached, the unspoken thought, "Oh, here come the meat racks." Bacon's relationship with his public was bound to be uneasy from the beginning when, at the age of 35, he unveiled his "Three Figures at the Base of a Crucifixion." It was almost a visual assault, these visions of unrelieved horror and disfigurement. Bacon had plumbed the depths of human agony, and he had surfaced with a primal scream of terror so intense it seemed to rip the tormented figures apart.

In recent years the terror has subsided somewhat. Today one senses a greater distance between the artist and his subject. There is now a contemplative aspect to his painting, one that allows room for mystery, and even for beauty.

The original Francis Bacon, the great Enlightenment philosopher, does in fact number among the artist's ancestors. From the Elizabethan court, the line of collateral descent found its way into Ireland with Bacon's father, who was a horse trainer. Growing up in an English family in revolutionary Ireland, the young Bacon was prey to his share of anxieties. These were compounded by constant money worries brought on by his father's gambling, a vice Bacon says has entered his blood.

Bacon, 71, now divides his time between his London studio where he lives and an apartment in Paris he rents from a friend. He likes to start painting at the first light of day, and generally leaves his work about noon. We talked one afternoon in the office of his London dealer at the Marlborough Gallery.

SR *Do you think of your paintings as violent?*

BACON People always interpret them as violent. I'm certainly not trying to do that. I'm really trying to make them as real from my point of view as I possibly can. I mean, you've only got to think about life for just ten minutes, what it's really like: It's a horror which I certainly wouldn't have the talent to be able to trap—the real awfulness of life. It's marvelous, but yet it's awful.

SR *Does painting that horror ever move you, emotionally?*

BACON Emotion is such a funny word. What is emotion? It's a horrible thing to say, but what is emotion, really?

SR *Well, sometimes you're painting images of extraordinary pain.*

BACON I've lived through two world wars, and I suppose those things have some influence on me. I also remember very well, growing up in Ireland, the whole thing of the Sinn Fein movement. I remember when my father used to say—this is when people were being shot all around—"if they come tonight, just keep your mouth shut and don't say anything." And I had a grandmother who was married to the head of the police in County Kildare and used to live with windows sandbagged all the time, and we used to dig ditches across the road so the cars would go into them.

After, when I left home, I was 16 or 17, I went to Berlin. That was the Berlin of the Weimar Republic, it was just before Hitler came into power, and there was also a tremendous sense of unease. As I'm old now, I've lived through a period of tremendous upheaval and tension. Perhaps those things have affected me.

But most people never think about life. If you think of the way we live, we're living on the compost of the earth. The world is just a dung heap. It's made up of compost of the millions and millions who have died and are blowing about. The dead are blowing in your nostrils every hour, every second you breathe in. It's a macabre way of putting it, perhaps; but anything that's at all accurate about life is always macabre. After all, you're born to die.

SR *But can't one live with a consciousness of death without being macabre?*

BACON Ah, yes. You certainly can. But I don't think of my work as being in the least bit macabre. I think of it as being slightly truthful sometimes.

SR *Which contains that consciousness of death?*

Joshua Gilder is an associate editor of *Saturday Review*.

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Francis Bacon in front of his 1979 portrait of Muriel Belcher.

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COLLECTION MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

BACON I never go through a day without thinking sometime about death. It just comes into everything that you do. Into everything that you see. Into every meal you eat. It's just a part of nature.

SR *Is death the subject of the painting you've been working on this morning?*

BACON I'm at the moment just painting a sand dune. The setting is a sort of industrial background, and out of this the sand dune, I'm hoping, seems to have started to emerge.

SR *Do you usually start with an image in mind, in this case the sand dune or the industrial background?*

BACON It differs. For instance, with my painting "Jet of Water" [1979]: I was in France somewhere and I saw a wave breaking on the shore and I thought I would like to do that. And when I came to try and do it, it looked more like a jet of water. So I turned it into a jet of water.

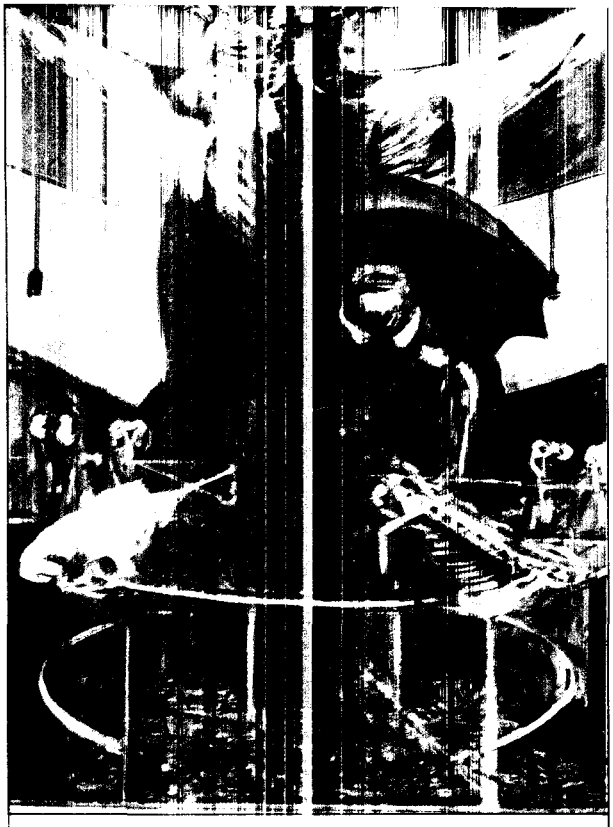
SR *Does that often happen?*

BACON Very often, yes. The painting changes from one thing to another constantly. You often think, there's a certain thing you want to do. But in the process of doing it, it may completely change, and sometimes, if you're lucky, change into something much better.

SR *What inspires the change? Is it a feeling evoked by the image?*

BACON I think if one were able to have a camera running all the time while one's working you would be able to see how things change much better than any words can possibly describe. Painting is not, after all, a static process. It's not all that difficult to sit down and illustrate a wave breaking on the shore, but that's just going to be one more illustration of a wave breaking on the shore, which is better done by photographs. And so you have to find a way by which you can *present* this wave breaking. But with the sand dune, well, I think it looks rather like a sand dune. You see, I want to make it as strongly into a sand dune as I possibly can. And to do that I must cut away its naturalistic surroundings.

SR *Why is that?*



"Painting 1946," perhaps Bacon's best-known work.

BACON It gives it, to me, a greater presence. You see, each artist, especially in our own time, when there's no tradition at all, works according to his own nervous system. Well, then it's the question of the quality of the nervous system. Only time will tell whether that's any good or not. One will be dead before that's been sorted out.

SR *Do you paint quickly?*

BACON When things work for me, I work very quickly.

SR And then are there times when it doesn't seem to come together?

BACON Oh, yes. I mean, I've got dozens and dozens of canvases that are just half done and left.

SR *Why do you think it is that a picture won't come together?*

BACON It's something in you. Generally, I hate starting a picture. It's only when things begin to happen, when you feel things arising from your instinct, that it becomes interesting at all.

SR *How do you get to that stage?*

BACON Chance usually brings it along. I think that my paintings look perhaps very conscious, but they actually come about in a very unconscious sort of way. You see, so much of my work, and the better work, is when things come together accidentally. It's a very difficult thing to talk about what accident is—or chance, whatever you like to say. When things seem to work for you.

SR *The Surrealists spoke of accident as a way of subverting the conscious or the super-ego. Do you agree?*

BACON I think so. The difficulty is so much in Surrealism was really interesting as ideas, but the actual painters, the real Surrealist painters, were not very interesting. Their technique was very academic and boring.

SR *Who has influenced you?*

BACON Well, I didn't start painting, really, until I was about 30. And I never went to an art school. I was born in Ireland, where it's more important to know the shape of a horse's hoofs than to know anything about painting. Neither my mother nor father was the slightest bit interested in painting. I left home when I was 16, and did all sorts of little jobs and things, and then about 1928 I saw an exhibition of Picasso's in Paris. I thought about it for a long time, and certainly I was influenced by Picasso. I've been influenced by everything really.

SR *You seem to incorporate some of the techniques of the Abstract Expressionists.*

BACON I'm sure I learned a great deal from them, because I take anything that I think is going to be useful to me.

SR *You spoke once to David Sylvester of your painting as "walking a tightrope between figurative painting and abstraction."*

BACON Well, I may have. To tell you the truth, no abstract painting has ever given me the exhilaration of figurative painting. In fact, it bores me. Profoundly. When I first heard of Rothko, I thought, well, here is going to be somebody doing the most marvelous things, like Turner, in abstraction. But the problem—with all of Abstract Expressionism—comes from lack of subject. I think that no matter how far you deviate from it you need the discipline of the subject. You need the pulsation of the image, the force of the image, to go

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beyond decoration. Which Rothko didn't have. It was always a beautiful decoration. And perhaps I'm peculiar, but I ask from painting something more than decoration.

SR *Something human?*

BACON An image. Not necessarily ...well, you can call it human, yes; but an *image*, one that unlocks the barrels of sensation in a more profound way, which abstraction never does. The Abstract Expressionists did away with the subject and went directly after beauty. But they were bound to be disappointed. After all, beauty is only a hind product of desire.

SR *Do you start with the subject in the foreground, or the background?*

BACON I start with the foreground, the figure, and then that determines the raw color of the background.

SR *For instance, in this portrait of Muriel Belcher you would have painted the sphinx first?*

BACON Yes. Yes. And then gradually I put in the colors. I wanted this image, or agitation, to exist in a very calm background.

SR *The lines you draw around your figures are often thought of as references to the glass box surrounding Eichmann at his war-crimes trial. Do you think of them that way?*

BACON No, I don't. I think of them simply as methods of containing the image. I feel that, in this portrait of Muriel, for instance, without those lines around it, the image would be sort of floating in that orange too much. It concentrates the image. I'm sure there are more satisfactory ways, but I haven't discovered one yet. Perhaps I will one day.

SR *You've spoken of how difficult portraiture is today. Why is that?*

BACON Well, because, firstly, the tremendous development of photography in portraiture. The only real thing now in portraiture is to make not just an illustration of the person but to make an *image* of them. People talk, for instance, of giving a person's character, but I don't think portraits very often do that.

SR *In many of your portraits, despite the distortion, one can still see a likeness. It's not all distortion.*

BACON No, it isn't all distortion. But then, you see, I always hope to distort into reality.

SR *To distort into reality?*

BACON And not distort away from it. To my point of view, I'd like to make a marvelous *image* which also looked like the person, if I could do it. I have done one ... perhaps one or two have been successful. I did a set of three of Muriel. They were very deformed, but I think they were deformed into appearance.

SR *If I said that I saw a tenderness in some of your portraits?*

BACON Absolutely. For instance, this one of Muriel, who was a very great friend of mine. Well, people hate this thing. But I find that this portrait of Muriel is very, very tender and happens to be very like her.

SR *You spoke of your tryptichs as stills in a movie. Is there a narrative?*

BACON There's no narrative. I just try to make images, really. I mean, one knows through history to some extent what the sphinx is supposed to be. But I never think of what it is supposed to be. I think of what it is to me.

SR *The way an image can move one despite its historical context?*

BACON Yes. Absolutely. Its historical reasons don't really touch me at all. With the great Egyptian art, for instance, which I think is among the greatest art, there are very, very few things that are known. It was really made by workmen, who probably in their own way put their own kind of personality into the work. But one doesn't really know. This cultivation of the personality is a very modern thing, really, and not at all interesting, finally. I mean, somebody may have an extraordinary personality, but in a work of art it's not their personality one is interested in; what's interesting is what they've made—the image they've made.

SR *Are you in a sense trying to transcend personality, to create almost mythic images?*

BACON I don't think I'm trying to do anything beyond make images that excite *me*. I've nothing to *say* in that sense. I think images say a great deal, but each person interprets an image as they want. Insofar as I could say what I'm trying to do, I'd say I'm a maker of images, that's all. But images not for other people. Images for myself.

SR *You don't care if they communicate to other people?*

BACON No. You may say that's a very egotistical point of view, but I really don't mind. I'm just very lucky that I've been able to not have to do some other work and be able to earn my living by something that obsesses me. ■

Bacon's tryptich, "3 Studies for Self-Portrait" (1980). "I always hope to distort into reality, and not away from it."

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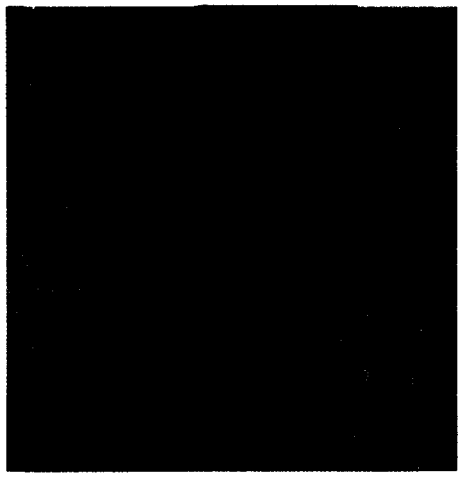
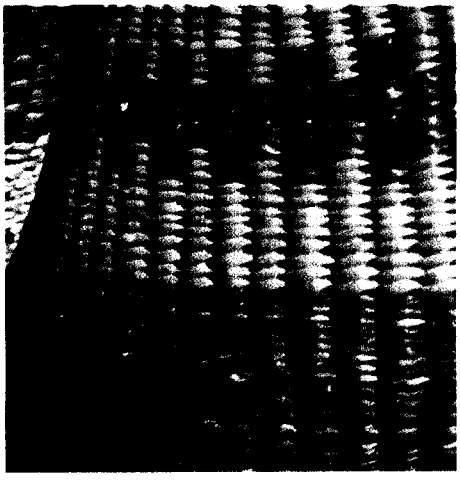
Imagine a camera that lets a dream



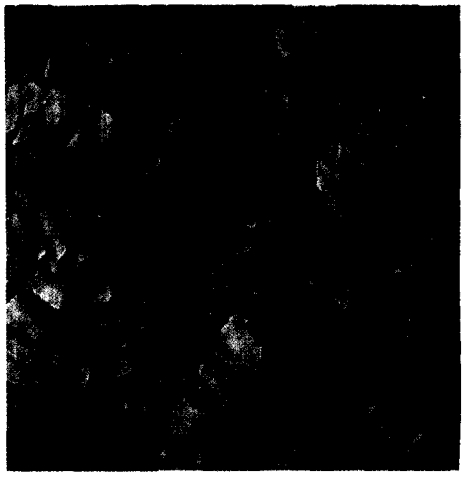
take shape as you watch.

One that lets you create

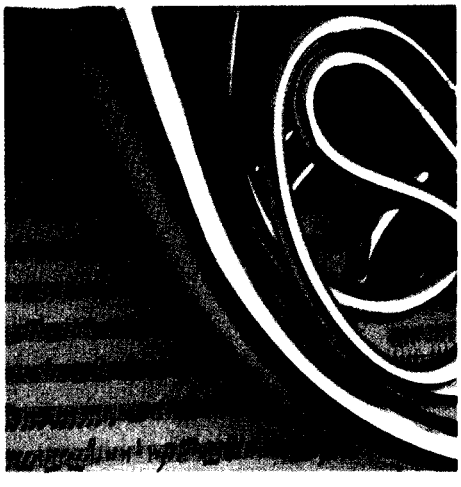


One that moves as close as 10.4 inches

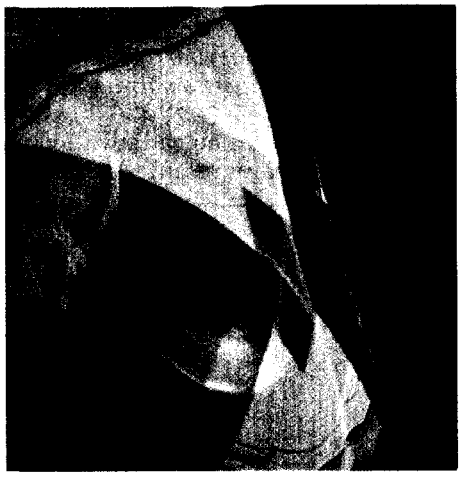
or catches the fire of hot pink…



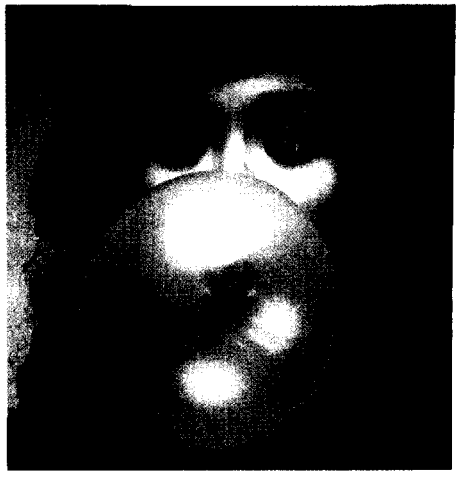
the cool shades of green…



One that can capture your fancy



or time expose the play of light.



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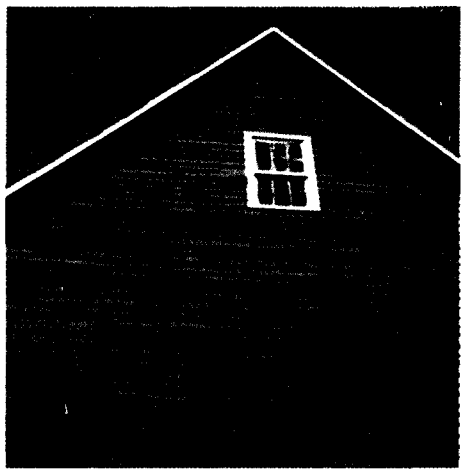
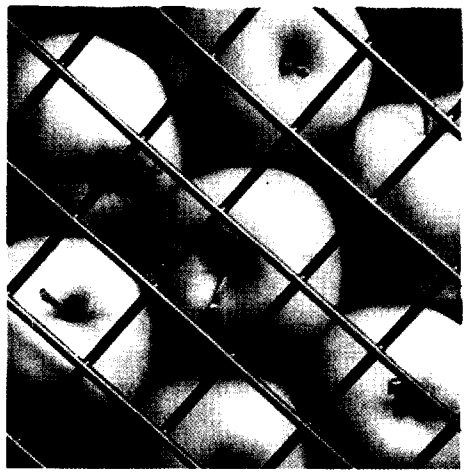
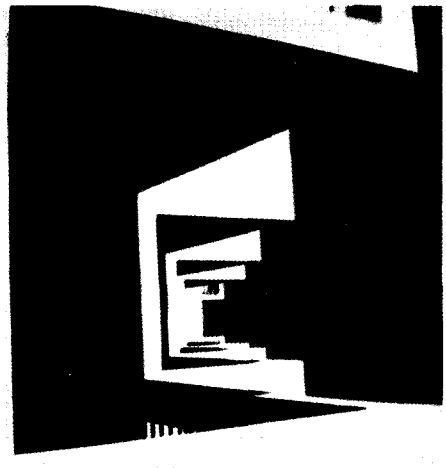
or observe with new eyes.



One with through-the-lens viewing

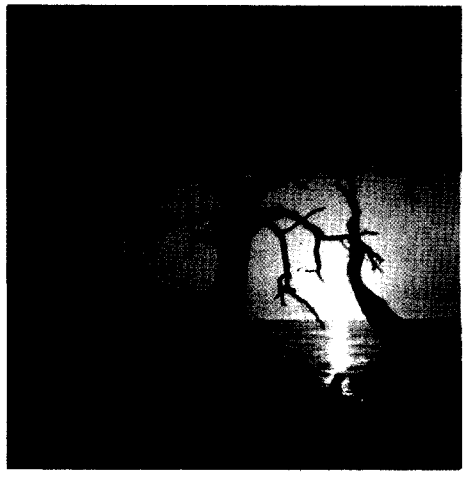


to let you frame precisely.



the hard edge of shadows in the sun.

One that lets you focus on a smile



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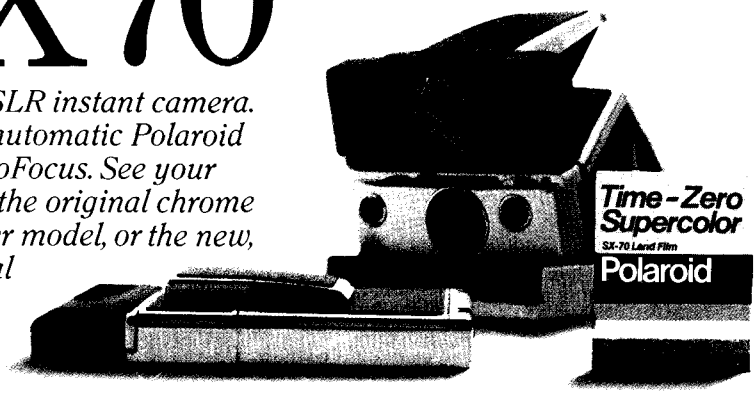

...n the world that can do all of this?

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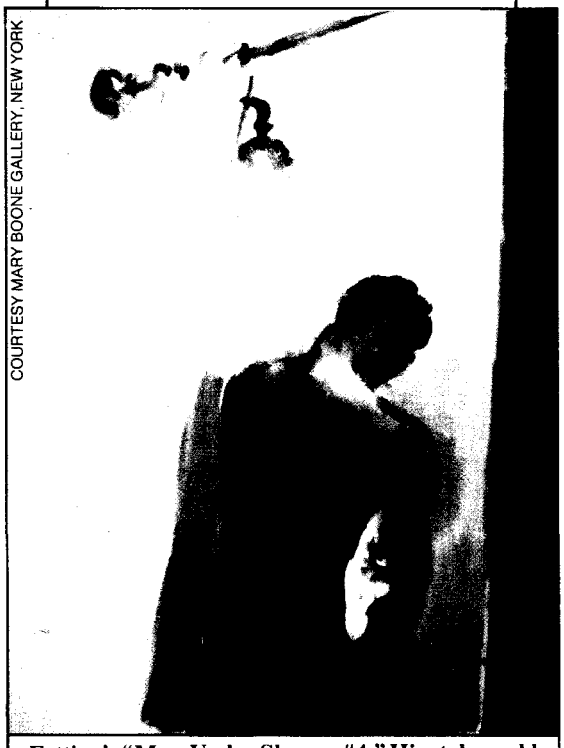
Carter Ratcliff

The End of the American Era

Some in the New York art world are upset by much of the best painting and sculpture of the Eighties for the simple (and not very admirable) reason that it is European. It repudiates the lingering authority of an avant-garde that was almost exclusively American. From, say 1947 (the date of Jackson Pollock's first drip painting) to the mid-Seventies (the last gasp of Minimalist originality), the United States dominated the balance of esthetic power. This was a situation accepted—even ratified—by European museums, galleries, and collectors. During the American quarter-century, a European artist could develop an international reputation only with a variant on some style of the New York avant-garde—thus the Parisian action painters of the Fifties and the German Minimalists of the Sixties. The exceptions to this rule were exceptions to every rule—artists like the German Joseph Beuys, the Anglo-Irish Francis Bacon (see page 36), and France's Jean Dubuffet, none of whom were part of any trend. But insofar as artists formed a forward-marching community, their capital was Manhattan and their capitol was the Museum of Modern Art.

Now, however, Manhattan is undergoing an invasion of extremely promising young painters from Europe. The MOMA citadel is being breached, and the New York art community has begun to pay close attention. They have no choice. Several leading New York galleries have become showcases for the invaders, American collectors are responding, and the idea of European dependence is becoming obsolete. In short, the American hegemony is at an end.

Manhattan dealers are coming back from the recent art fair in Basel with tales of European colleagues who've announced, in so many words, that they want to wipe American art off the map. It was never much fun, these past 25 years, for the Old World to subsist on the periphery of the New. One might now expect a certain degree of anti-Americanism, yet the best young painters from Europe seem to generate their energies in less hostile forms. One such is the German artist **Rainer Fetting**. In fact, Fetting's art can be read as a tribute to New York. This is a narrow reading, admittedly, yet Fetting has collaborated with fellow Berliners in decorating a local punk-rock club, SO 36, with images of the Manhattan skyline—and images of



COURTESY MARY BOONE GALLERY, NEW YORK

Fetting's "Man Under Shower #4." His style could be described as "German Expressionism exploded."

that Manhattan vitality which so often shades off into a violence threatening the very possibility of art. At 32, Fetting is an artist on the edge. He talks of "Van Gogh up against the wall," an image that combines respect for esthetic forebears with an acute sensitivity to risk in a world where terrorism is the norm.

Like German modernists before him, he has learned much from Van Gogh's visionary mania. His style could be described as German Expressionism exploded, raised to a new scale by the New World examples of such free-wheeling painters-from-the-shoulder as Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning. So Rainer Fetting and his colleagues couldn't be thoroughgoing anti-Americans even if they were so inclined. Their sense of a painting's presence, of how to make an image fill a room, was learned from the New York School, not from the easel-scale of European modernism.

Still, these young artists feel no desire to accommodate American tastes—the coolness of the late Minimalists and the coy privativism of the new-image painters. Fetting's palette is a harsh, glowing, electronic-age version of the hot reds and icy blues of such German Expressionists as Ernst Kirschner and Karl Schmidt-Rottluff. Some of his images seem to be frantic, underground variants on those of the veteran British art star, David Hockney. Fetting knows on which side of the Atlantic he belongs. He sees himself as a Berliner, not as a would-be member of the New York art world. Yet he feels, as few European artists of earlier generations have felt, that New York and Berlin, London and Paris, are not so isolated behind their local barricades as they were even a decade ago.

The young Germans paint with aggressive streaks and splashes of color. Their Italian counterparts build images more deliberately, with the help of elegant technique—including fresco. **Francesco Clemente**, a 29-year-old painter who works in Rome, has devised a form of fresco nearly as portable as paintings on canvas. This past spring, in his first New York show, Clemente displayed a series of frescoed panels—full-length portraits of himself and friends. Floating against grainy plaster backgrounds, these figures, some of them nude, bear emblematic objects

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COURTESY SPERONE WESTWATER GALLERY

Clemente's "Autoritrato Veritiero" (True Self Portrait). He makes paintings in layers of color so delicate that they seem worn through by the pressures of difficult emotion.

with strong allegorical overtones.

It's difficult to say exactly what these emblems and attitudes signify, though an aura of violent and, at the same time, enervated sexuality is clear. Clemente's frescoes are painted in layers of color so delicate they seem worn through by the pressures of difficult emotion. In a complete shift from the refined Expressionism of his canvases and frescoes, Clemente has done a series of paintings on paper that parody with bizarre accuracy the look of East Indian miniatures. Having set up a studio in Madras, India, in addition to one in Rome, Clemente has adapted Indian art to his own needs. These include a continuing confrontation with images of extreme aggression. Some of the "Indian" paintings show dismembered limbs scattered amid the traditional motifs of the Oriental garden. The scenery of Clemente's world changes, from the crisply rendered verdure and pavilions of the miniatures to the drifting non-places of the larger paintings, yet somehow the weather stays the same—an atmosphere of obsessively cultivated desperation.

Sandro Chia limits himself to oil paints on canvas, a medium he appears to have mastered completely. At a time when the liveliest new American painters are essentially draftsmen, artists who draw in color, the 35-year-old Chia lays on paint with a virtuosity that looks almost pre-modern. His figures float up, out of lush patterns of color—cross-hatchings, zigzags, textures like smoke or foliage. Chia's people are always doing something—reclining under a tree in a mock-pastoral landscape or signaling for help beside a wrecked automobile. The ordinariness of these actions has a double effect. First of all, it makes Chia that supremely unmodern, anti-avant-garde sort of artist, the genre painter, the recorder of scenes from everyday life. At the same time, it makes his art mysterious—what is all that lush brushwork doing in the vicinity of the commonplace?

The mystery deepens as the eye notes Chia's masterly quotations from the early avant-garde—Futurism, Fauvism, even German Expressionism. Sometimes he seems to reinvent the history of modernism in a single painting. But rarely has self-conscious use of precedent produced so high a degree of originality. Chia's combination of modern and pre-modern, avant-garde and tradition, generates an atmosphere in which centuries of Western sensibility quietly unfold. It's quiet, and witty, too. Chia will set figures afloat above a piazza, Chagall-style, a potentially sentimental image that he rescues with a monumental wryness. Chia's levitating people can be read as emblems of the transcendent powers that art, despite everything, still possesses.

One of several young Italian painters who have had a notable impact in Manhattan this past season, Chia is less obviously in debt to American art than his German counterparts. Still, his canvases have New York-style presence. Chia may not have learned this quality directly from Jackson Pollock, yet he acknowledges the power of that culture hero—and of those graffiti broadsides featured by the New York subways. Chia sees New York as the city in its primal state—metropolis as nature—and plans now to split the year between his studio in Rome and his loft in Manhattan. As the hegemony of American art comes to an end, these European painters are behaving less like invaders than emissaries from realms of new possibility. One result could be the first genuinely international art community our century has known. ■

Chia's "Very Courageous Boys." It's a combination of modern and pre-modern, avant-garde and tradition, in which centuries of Western sensibility wittily unfold.

COLLECTION MR. & MRS. LEWIS MANILOW/COURTESY SPERONE WESTWATER GALLERY

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Thomas H. Middleton

The Way We're Going

For several years, people have written to ask me if I've noticed that many youngsters have taken to saying "go" instead of "say." I've noticed. Last spring, I overheard a high school boy say something like, "So the coach goes, 'You can't chew tobacco on the ball field. Bubble gum, OK; tobacco, no!'" I guess some of the kids had figured that a wad of cut plug would help them hit for the fences.

Most of my correspondents seem puzzled as to how this use of "goes" for "says" came about. There is little question, I should think, that it comes naturally from two legitimate senses of "go." *Webster's New International II* gives, among its many "go" meanings, "to be expressed or phrased; to run; read; as, the second clause *goes* thus; to glide or run along; as, the verses *go* smoothly." And then it gives what I think is the most immediate source: "to give utterance; to make a characteristic or expressive sound; as, 'put-put' *went* the engine; bang *went* the door."

Since childhood, these teenagers have heard that "The cow goes moo," "The dog goes bowwow," and "The horn goes beep-beep." Now, Susie goes, "How about a Twinkie?" and the coach goes, "Don't chew tobacco."

When a young person says, "Susie goes, 'How about a Twinkie?'" a sort of metamorphosis takes place. Susie becomes something less than human, in a sense. She no longer speaks; she merely makes a noise. As these kids mature, it is not unlikely that they will take "go" for "say" along with them as part of their linguistic equipment, and more and more adults will be stuck in this dark, subhuman pattern of making sounds instead of saying words. I devoutly hope that "go-for-say" will remain purely colloquial and will never be picked up by lexicographers and entered into the better dictionaries as standard English.

Last year, I got a letter from a fellow named Jeff Pearson, who told me he had taken a hiking tour in a group of 20 people. He said half the group were college students—all under 25 years old—and the other half were professional people—all over 35. "While there was no substantial communication gap," writes Mr. Pearson, "there were enough temporary breakdowns of communication to give everyone a good opportunity to observe some developing language, and some examples stood out...."

I'm sure most of us have by now encountered the "go-for-say" phenomenon, but Mr. Pearson heard a new word for "go." The word is "book." "Let's book" and "I'm booking" evidently mean "Let's go" and "I'm going." The only derivation I can think of lies in "booking passage." "Book" for "go" is colorful, but I doubt that it will have much staying power.

"The cow goes moo" and "The dog goes bowwow." So now "The coach goes, 'Don't chew tobacco.'"

Mr. Pearson continues, "Two more relatively new expressions in the vein of '---- *out*' (e.g., *pig out*, *freak out*, etc.) are somewhat psychologically oriented. 'Noided out' describes someone who believes himself to be persecuted and is derived from being paranoid. 'Weirded out' describes the state of mind of someone who has experienced something too strange for him to deal with."

I have little to say about "weirded out," but I predict that "noided out" will come a cropper almost instantly. I confess that at first I found it clever, bright, and imaginative; but it began to pall after about three repetitions, and now I can no longer understand my initial positive response. In fact, my love for that particular phrase fizzled out so fast it makes Don Juan look constant as Polaris.

"Humongous" is a word I've heard about and read about a great many times during the past few years. It is a word that makes me uneasy. It gives me a slight ivory-tower complex, as though I were living in detached isolation, knowing the world from a distance, but not fully experiencing it. My problem is that I have never actually heard "humongous" used conversationally. I've talked about it. I've heard, "'humongous' means big"; "'humongous' means big and good"; "'humongous' doesn't mean big and good; it just means big." The only times I've ever heard or read about the word have been when someone was trying to explain it to me. That almost everyone I've asked says he's heard it in conversation hundreds of times makes me feel like an alien in my own language.

The new *Oxford American Dictionary* lists it, saying "hu-mon-gous (hyoo-*mong*-gŭs) *adj.* (*slang*) huge, tremendous. Loosely based on *huge* and *enormous*." I suspect that it is also based on "monster" (not "monstrous," which is quite distinct from "monster" in today's usage. Monsters are not monstrous any more, thanks to the rather endearing monsters of comic books, breakfast cereals, and kid-vid).

In spite of its inclusion in the *Oxford American Dictionary*, I predict that "humongous" is another word destined for early oblivion. It will join words like "fantabulous," which never made it into a dictionary, as far as I know, and "copacetic," which made it into at least two—*Random House* and *American Heritage*—but is already so passé that it is not to be found in *Oxford American*.

Except for this feeling of having been told all about the orgy but not having been invited to it, I don't in the least mind not having heard "humongous" used colloquially. In fact, I wouldn't mind if "humongous" were to disappear without a trace before anyone goes it to me in a sentence. ■

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Stanley Kauffmann

How Sincere Can You Get?

If there were a Nobel Prize for Sincere Imitation, Lanford Wilson would be a leading contender in the drama department. It's impossible to doubt his sincerity; but not all of it seems to be his own.

Wilson became visible with a stream of short and long plays in the busy off-off-Broadway days of the Sixties. He ranged in style, with evident sincerity, from naturalism through poetic realism to abstraction. But none of his work made a deep mark until he began more patently to build on successful models, always sincerely. *The Hot l Baltimore* (1973), his first big success, was a smooth imitation of latter-day Tennessee Williams sleaze, complete with a young man passing through on a quest. After some unmemorable intervening work, Wilson then began a series of plays about a Missouri family named Talley; and all of the three written to date cling, with desperate sincerity, to apparent models.

Fifth of July, produced off-Broadway in 1978 and re-produced on Broadway in 1980, climbed aboard the hip Chekhov bandwagon already carrying such young playwrights as Michael Weller (*Moonchildren*) and Robert Patrick (*Kennedy's Children*). To lean on Chekhov, according to these writers, you needed only to keep a substantial number of characters on stage at the same time, each following his or her own ego track, and out of it all would eventually come Loneliness. If, as Wilson did, you included in your cast a legless Vietnam veteran, his homosexual lover, a free-mouthed country singer and her cynical husband, who, along with others, are cooled-out survivors of the idealistic Sixties, if you put them all in the Talley house in Lebanon, Missouri (Wilson's hometown), and built much of the action around the singer's attempt to buy the old homestead for a recording studio—hear those axes from *The Cherry Orchard*?—you sliced right across the moral agony of 1977 America. Especially with that title. In fact, the first act took place on the evening of Independence Day.

GERRY GOODSTEIN

From left, Fritz Weaver, Patricia Wettig, and Michael Higgins in *A Tale Told*, Lanford Wilson's latest in a series of derivative plays about the Talley family.

All that, of course, was Wilson's hope. But the reliance on eccentric mêlange rather than freshness and depth of perception, the greater reliance on superficial imitation of Chekhovian form, made *Fifth of July* a recipe being followed—with sincerity—rather than a drama being disclosed.

Talley's Folly (1979) was set in 1944, so Wilson chose a dramaturgic model to fit *that* period—earlier Tennessee Williams, summer-and-smokey, tidied up with the single-stitch tailoring of a John Van Druten. It was a two-character play, two secretly wounded people, of course. Sally Talley, sterile because of an illness, and Matt Friedman, a European Jewish refugee now an accountant in St. Louis still suffering from anti-Semitism, meet in the Talley boathouse at night, meld, and decide to run off together, all in an explicitly predicted 97 minutes. The tonalities and pathos were as Williams-derived as the summer-evening dream effects, the distant band music, even the use of inserted jokes. Once again, more blatantly but no less sincerely, Wilson imitated. And not to miss out on his cute irony, Wilson set this play too on the evening of Independence Day.

With cuteness unflagging, the new Talley play, **A Tale Told**, is set on that very same July Fourth evening up at the Talley house. (Near the end Sally comes up from the boathouse to get her things and go off with Matt.) The year still being

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1944, Wilson uses another contemporary dramaturgic model. This time it's Lillian-Hellmanized Ibsen.

Grandpa Talley is an ailing tyrant who still controls the family factory, now making wartime Army uniforms, though his middle-aged middling son is nominal manager. A soldier grandson is home on leave because grandpa is supposed to be dying. Another grandson is home uncorporeally; he has just been killed in combat, and his ghost wanders through in blue light. (This mars Wilson's Hellman imitation with a touch of David Rabe.) Among the several plot strands, the central one is the old tyrant's handling of the trouble caused by his son's impregnating a laundress 18 years before. But the neatest stage trick in many a year comes when the dead soldier's mother gets the telegram announcing his death, and his ghost, standing behind her, catches her as she faints.

Again Wilson is sincere. Again his trouble is that he is following form: He doesn't really know any more about his characters than he tells us, he just puts them through their paces like an animal trainer with platforms, hoops, and cage. Each of the twelve in the cast is tagged early with virtues and defects and that's it, except for the untangling of some plotty plot lines. In Ibsen, what we learn early about his characters is where the play begins; in Wilson, as in some other Ibsen epigones like Hellman, that's substantively where the play ends. To put it another way, the play has no theme, just some action. Wilson has merely taken the extremely tired diluted-Ibsen ploy—revealing the frauds behind a mansion's respectable facade—and has run it through his typewriter yet again. Sincerely. *A Tale Told* could be called *A Form Filled.*

We're promised two more Talley plays. Why not 20? Wilson needs only to choose a model that fits the period, then fill it from his ever-ready bowl of sincere dramatic dough as honestly as a baker fills a mold.

Marshall W. Mason, Wilson's usual director, had a special traffic problem here. Often a crisis occurs between a few characters, and the whole Talley family has to be hustled in to witness it, then hustled off when it's over. I thought of the way opera choruses scoot in and out at the Met. From most of his actors, Mason gets mediocre performances, adequate to their explicit roles. From the one fine actor, Fritz Weaver, Mason gets the worst Weaver performance I've seen—a basketful of leftover crusts from all the crusty family tyrants in stage history.

If Wilson pretends to grasp more than he can, a newcomer named Kevin Wade grasps more than he pretends to. **Key Exchange** is, and is something more than, a bright little comedy about three young New Yorkers, two men and a woman, who bike on weekends in Central Park. The dialogue is in that partly secret language that every young generation invents to keep older people out—or at least to make elders look foolish if they use it. Wade flourishes it with wit and point.

Ben Masters, Mark Blum, and Brooke Adams talk biking and sex in Kevin Wade's *Key Exchange*, a seemingly light comedy with chilling depths.

CAROL ROSEGG

Brooke Adams, familiar from *Days of Heaven* and other films, is a photographer having an affair with Ben Masters, a novelist. In the park they meet Mark Blum, an ad copywriter, biking alone on the day after his wedding. In a neat mosaic of weekend meetings on the bike path, we follow the seesaw Adams-Masters liaison and Blum's reports on his marital troubles. All three of them are concentrated on their bodies. We see them only in biking shorts, massaging or exercising or resting to ride again. When they don't talk about biking, they talk mostly about sex, sportively or quite seriously.

Adams is hungry for commitment (something Blum already has encountered in marriage), a term that gives Masters the shakes. Her standards were set by her father's devotion to her dying mother, described in touching detail, standards of love *in the past*. But Masters says: "I want to have my cake and have my cupcake, too." He wants Adams and himself to have other dates. Finally he gets her to accept his code so that they can continue; paradoxically, it splits them, though they still care for each other. Blum meanwhile suffers through his wife's sudden desertion of him for another man, then her sudden return . . . for how long?

The exchange of keys is a move by two people toward commitment, and the risk of commitment is a recurrrent theme these days in plays and films by young people. (Wendy Wasserstein's play *Isn't It Romantic*, Albert Brooks's film *Modern Romance*.) Commitment means the future, and it's the profound lack of confidence in the future that seeps through Wade's chitchat. Lightly but implicatively he sketches the tip of a chilling iceberg, and his winning cast plays his comedy with that knowledge. I'd bet that the intelligent director, Barnet Kellman, started with the depths and worked upward to the surface brightness. Kellman's closing touch translates Antonioni into American. Adams and Masters part. He's facing front; she wheels her bike out toward the back, then pauses to wave goodbye backward over her shoulder. She doesn't look at him, and she doesn't see that he doesn't see the gesture. It's a tiny mod epiphany. ■

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Judith Crist

Olympic Valor

Chariots of Fire arrives with cachet enow—the British entry at Cannes, it won raves and a best-supporting-actor award for Ian Holm. And it proves to be a stunning film, an inspiring story of aspiration and accomplishment, a fact-based thriller and a perceptive social statement. That its title is derived from William Blake but with no clarifying quotation or epigraph on screen is a lagniappe for the literate.

For moviegoers it offers the debuts of a highly talented director, Hugh Hudson, and two noteworthy stage actors, Ben Cross and Ian Charleson; a brilliantly detailed period recreation; and a finely crafted script. Above all, its story is both satisfying and stimulating. The producer, David Puttnam, whose relatively commercial filmography includes *The Duellists* and *Midnight Express*, was "looking for a film not unlike *A Man for All Seasons* in terms of its moral position and its possibilities as an allegory," he recalls, when he came across a history of the Olympic games. He found his allegory in the story of two British runners in the 1924 Paris Olympics, who were initially rivals in the 100-meter competition.

The screenplay by Colin Welland (*Yanks* was his most recent script) explores the background of the two men—Harold Abrahams, "The Cream of Cambridge," son of a wealthy Lithuanian Jew, dedicating himself to outrunning the WASP Establishment, and Eric Liddell, "The Flying Scot," China-born son of a missionary, determined to "run in God's name and let the world stand back in wonder." In counterpoint, their careers are followed, one man possessed by a "pursuit of excellence" that would put a thumb in the eye of the bigots, the other in fulfilling God's will. After Liddell refuses to run in the 100-meter race because the heats are held on a Sunday, Abrahams wins against four Americans. Liddell goes on to victory in the 400-meter.

Hudson, a veteran of television commercials, brings to the large screen an eye attuned to the telling detail, to the minutiae of time and place and social setting. And he creates character studies of such overwhelming intensity that we are bound to the two leading competitors, caught up in their motivations and sharing their passions. Cross's Abrahams is darkly brooding, a man close to obsession through humiliation, envying the "contentment" of the ruling class, unable to achieve his own. The realities of that class are provided in a number of vignettes, most memorably in teatime chats at Cambridge between the Provost of Trinity College and the Master of Caius (John Gielgud and Lindsay Anderson at their most poisonously urbane), as they remark on the progress of that pushy Jew—"academically sound, arrogant, defensive to the point of pugnacity, as they invariably are."

But there is balance, for in the pinch it is a young peer of the realm, Abrahams's classmate and a top hurdler, who resolves the crisis Liddell creates in refusing to break his Sabbath. He saves, with noblesse oblige at its best, both the pride of the British Olympic committee (replete with Prince of Wales), which is reluctant to lose face in front of "the Frogs," and the ethic of Liddell, who does indeed put God before king and country.

Exhausted after winning a race, Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson) collapses in the arms of trainer Sam Mussabini (Ian Holm, right) and a bystander, in *Chariots of Fire*.

The running sequences are of breathtaking beauty, transported beyond sport to epitomize the lyric grace of physical endeavor and the wracking agony of competitive drive. Puttnam's desire to show sport as "the meeting between idealism and expediency" is fulfilled. But while the races provide the moments of major impact, the human drama is dominant as Liddell and his family cope with the worldliness of sport, or as Abrahams's obsession spills into his romance with an enchanting Savoyard. Most memorable is Abrahams's involvement with a professional coach, Sam Mussa-

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bini, another outsider in that age of gentleman-amateurs and a superb re-creation by Ian Holm. It was not for king, country, or God that Abrahams triumphed, in his view: "You won for *us*," he assures his pupil. "Now go home and start some bloody living!" And home they went, Abrahams to live a full life as barrister, journalist, and sports figure until 1978, Liddell to die, as missionary to China, in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp in 1945.

The casting and performances are impeccable, as are the production values, transporting us to a time of relative innocence, of songfests and local games, of Olympics that involved individuals rather than politicized nationals, and of men dedicated—dare we cynics note?—to a pursuit of personal excellence in the deepest sense, "with hope in their hearts and wings on their heels."

Another tyro makes a noteworthy directorial debut with **Body Heat**, as slick and moody a thriller as ever came from an obvious devotee of the Chandler-Cain school of tough cinema. Lawrence Kasdan, a writer whose credits include co-authorship of *The Empire Strikes Back* and the screenplay of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, has directed his own screenplay and come up with a melodrama soaked in atmosphere, rich in character and taut with tension.

As *Raiders* indicated, Kasdan breathes film of the Thirties and Forties. His torrid tale of sexual obsession and crime of passion starts out with Chandleresque dialogue and shades of *Double Indemnity* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice* as a nice mediocre lawyer in a small Florida city becomes involved with a rich man's neglected wife. There's a heat wave on, when, as a local detective gratuitously notes, ordinary standards go by the board; before long the enthralled lovers are planning how to get rid of the husband and get hold of his money. It sounds familiar enough, but by the time the complex plotting begins Kasdan has the viewer equally enthralled not only by vibrant performances by William Hurt and Kathleen Turner as the good man and wicked woman but also by his on-the-move camera eye, which owes no allegiance to theatrical or literary roots. Kasdan offers pure cinema in terse, refined dialogue that develops a pungency of its own, and in his understated and deeply effective visual narrative. His plotting is fascinatingly complex and the suspense quotient commendably high. And beyond the principals, he has drawn fine character bits from Ted Danson, as a district-attorney friend of the lawyer and a Fred Astaire manqué; Oscar Grace as the detective "whose whole life is based on doing the right thing"; and Richard Crenna as the cuckolded husband who points to the importance of doing one's homework. That's what Kasdan's tale is about—with a little side story about greed.

Glenn Jordan, an acclaimed theater and television director, takes his cinematic bow with Neil Simon's **Only When I Laugh**, the playwright's screen adaptation of his 1970 play, *The Gingerbread Lady*. But just as the stage version belonged to Maureen Stapleton, so this film belongs to Marsha Mason as the alcoholic, fresh from a "cure," trying to cope with a resumption of her acting career, the lover who left her, and above all the teen-aged daughter determined to live with her.

Simon has opened out his story and Jordan gives it a New York look and texture. James Coco and Joan Hackett, as the lady's intimates—a homosexual frustrated actor and an aging beauty queen—and Kristy McNichol, as the vulnerable child, are very good indeed. But the triumph is Mason's, as the "38-year-old ex-wino" who has yet to look beyond herself. The film provides no answers or deep analysis (nor did the play), but the one-liners glitter as always. And Mason once again provides us with a shattering portrait of human striving—if not for perfection at least for survival.

Marsha Mason (left) triumphs as a 38-year-old ex-alcoholic trying to cope with life and a teenaged daughter (Kristie McNichol, right) in Neil Simon's *Only When I Laugh*.

A veteran director, the masterful John Schlesinger, has taken a new screenwriter in hand and come up with an offbeat and insidiously appealing comedy in **Honky Tonk Freeway**. Edward Clinton, a 31-year-old playwright, has fashioned one of those *Grand Hotel* structures, much in the *Citizen's Band* (a.k.a. *Handle With Care*), and *Airport-Airplane* manner, and he has packed it full of oddball, ultra-Amurrican types. The whole is brought to satiric flower by Schlesinger, who sees our country more than plain, as *Midnight Cowboy* and *Day of the Locust* indicated.

The focal point is the tiny Florida town of Ticlaw that, despite a bit of bribery, has been by-passed by the Freeway, with the nearest exit 37 miles away. Its mayor, William Devane, and citizens are determined to develop a tourist resort by fair means or foul, and the latter provides the denouement. Punctuated by the plotting of the Ticlawians, the film concentrates on the variety of folk who will wind up there, among them Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy as an irascible adman and his alcoholic wife bound for Florida retirement; Beverly D'Angelo, a waitress heading for vacation with her mother's ashes and the conviction that the International House of Pancakes is one of the world's few constants; Geraldine Page as a proper nun; Deborah Rush as an improper novice; and a rhinoceros. What Schlesinger has composed is a comic ode to the American highway culture, a laughing exploration of the social structures that are created for and exist because of our life on wheels. It's perceptive, diverting, and pleasantly cynical. ■

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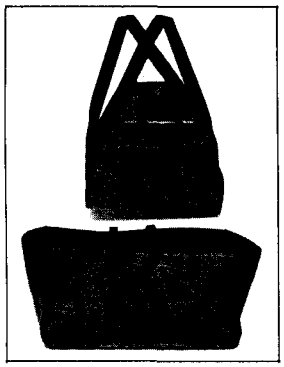
TOOLS FOR LIVING™

Tools For Living cuts through the proliferation of products to bring you unusually worthy items that often will simplify, but always will make day-to-day routine tasks more fun. All of these new, innovative or time-honored products are honestly useful and do what they say they will do. They've been evaluated by members of the TFL staff before being presented to you here, and are fully guaranteed. Our offerings run the gamut from products that will help you conserve water and energy, or prepare a gourmet meal for friends to those that will make what little leisure time you have thoroughly enjoyable.

GIVING DUST THE BRUSH

Saving energy means paying attention to the small things around the house—like the refrigerator coils. Once these coils become coated with dust, the efficiency of your refrigerator drops dramatically. Simply cleaning the coils—and keeping them clean—can reduce your refrigerator's electric consumption as much as 10%. This brush, angled and with tapered bristles, is designed to clean deep in the coils where vacuum cleaners and dust cloths won't reach. It also keeps dust off baseboard heaters and radiators. It costs only **$8.00** ($1.95) #SRA261.

CARRY-IT-ALL



The problem with lugging firewood is that you can never quite get the weight distributed evenly. So you either carry a seemingly endless number of small loads or stagger along uncomfortably risking strain under the weight of a few Herculean loads. Two new creations—the log apron and the log carrier—provide the best way we have found (short of owning a pet donkey) to get your wood in without feeling overburdened. The cleverly designed carrying harness or apron distributes the weight of the load over your back and shoulders, where you are strongest, so you carry more but struggle with it less. The front handle requires little holding strength—it is there more to stabilize the load than to lift it—so you have one hand free to open and close doors and to unload. The log apron is made of a strong nylon/polyester duck material and the straps are made of seat-belt webbing. It will last for years and prove handy for all kinds of bulky hard-to-handle loads besides firewood. It costs **$14.00** ($2.95) #SRA347.

The log carrier—more an all-purpose tote bag—is sturdy enough to haul load upon load of heavy logs for years. (And unlike sling carriers, it won't leave a trail of bark and wood chips either.) But that is only the beginning of the story for this well-made, good-looking bag. Its 23″ x 12″ x 12″ dimensions are capacious enough for big loads, yet manageable enough for convenient carrying. Use the carry-all for shopping, laundry, trips to the beach, yard clean-up, gardening, or to pack a picnic lunch for a pair of hungry softball teams. (We have friends who use theirs as a portable crib for their new baby.) It is hard to imagine you won't find almost daily uses for this remarkable bag—whether or not you burn firewood. The all-purpose tote bag is made of 22-oz. duck, the material often used for making conveyor belts, and it sells for **$16.00** ($2.95) #SRA348. Both the log apron and the log tote are available for **$28.00** ($2.95) #SRA369.

SCOOP COLANDER

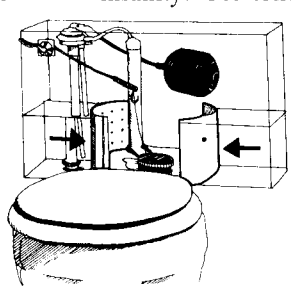
A breathless moment occurs in any kitchen when it is time to transport a heavy pot of pasta and boiling water from stove to sink, where the colander waits. But why not take the colander to the pot instead? This handy scoop-colander saves you risk and effort. A simple dip-and-drain replaces the old lug-and-pour. This utensil is also perfect for separating solid foods from broth when you are making soups, stews or sauces. The scoop-colander is made in Italy of stainless steel and black plastic. The bowl is 8½″ x 6½″ x 3″ deep and the scoop is 17″ long overall. This tool is exceptionally sturdy and well-made, handsome to display, and a true convenience at **$21.00** ($2.95) #SRA362.

A HOT TEA POT

A teapot may look like a simple instrument, but don't be fooled. Extraordinary subtleties of design are required to make an ideal teapot. For example, the shape needs to be rounded with just the right degree of squatness, so that the tea swirls gently after the water is poured in, assuring a perfectly balanced infusion. Then you need those important little touches such as a built-in strainer at the spout to hold back the swollen leaves when the tea is poured, and a careful lip at the end of the spout to eliminate drips. But the critical choice is material: what do you use to make the teapot? You use a special red clay that is available only in one small district in England. This clay is legendary for its abilities to hold the heat in the teapot and to coddle the brew—attributes that make a truly classic teapot. All these qualities and more can be found in the Brown Betty redware teapot, imported from England where it has been recognized as the premier "branded" teapot for over 100 years. No pot brews better tea. The Brown Betty straight from England and manufactured from that special red clay holds 40 oz. (that's 6-8 standard tea cups!) and costs **$14.00** ($2.95) #SRA178.

TOILET SANITY

A government study shows that 45% of the water used by the average American family gets flushed down the toilet. That is 90 gal. per day for the family of four. Such extravagance is unconscionable. The conventional flush toilet uses 5 to 8 gal. of clean fresh water each flush, when 2.5 to 3 gal. is sufficient. What can we do about this insanity? Use toilet dams. Putting a dam in the tank saves 1/3 to 1/2 the flush without reducing the toilet's effectiveness (it doesn't reduce the *pressure* of the flush, just the amount of water used). Putting dams in all your toilets could cut your overall water use (and bill) up to 20%—a vital savings in the parts of the country now affected by drought and a sensible step for everyone to take. For **$11.00** ($1.95) #SRA259, we can supply first-quality toilet dam units made of stainless steel and thermoplastic rubber. It comes with a 10-year manufacturer's guarantee. It requires no tools (or special effort) to install and will pay for itself in a matter of months. If you need a good example, we understand the White House toilets have recently been dammed.



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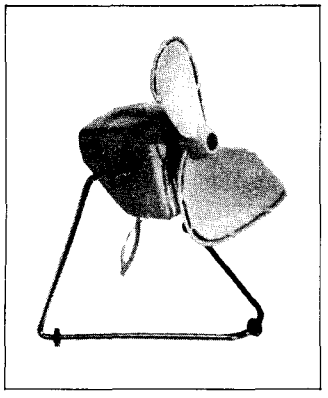
GRIND THEM YOURSELF

Our quarrel with most packaged herbs and spices is that they don't give you enough of a good thing. Not in terms of quantity but in terms of quality. The processing—plus the wait on supermarket shelves—allows the essential oils to evaporate, weakening the flavor. Worse yet, some seasonings have unnecessary additives mixed in—like salt and sugar. So we were delighted to discover this line of grind-them-yourself herbs and spices, 100% natural and full of fresh flavor. These spices are packaged in their whole state (or as near to it as practical). You fresh-grind just what you need each time you use them. You'll be surprised by the superior flavor these freshly ground spices produce in all your homemade soups, stews, roasts and casseroles. We can supply any of the herbs and spices listed below for only **$14.00** ($2.95) per set. Choose from spices of France: marjoram, yellow mustard, rosemary, white pepper, tarragon, parsley (#SRA325); Italy: oregano, basil, celery, garlic, marjoram, fennel (#SRA326); China: cloves, nutmeg, ginger, Chinese mustard, celery, Chinese star anise (#SRA327); Mexico: red chili pepper, allspice, sea salt coriander, garlic, cumin (#SRA328).

A FAN FOR ALL SEASONS

The important qualities of a household fan are safety, quietness, portability and force enough to get the air circulating. We've found a little powerhouse of a fan that meets all these criteria admirably.



The fan blade is made of pliable plastic. If you stick your finger in, the blade stops turning. So far as we can tell the possibility of injury, even for small children, is virtually nil. The fan has two speeds and although it is small (only about 8″ high) it moves a surprising volume of air. The operation is ultra-quiet, so your soothing breeze comes with no distracting mechanical rattles. Summer or winter, this is the best way we've seen to put air where you want it. The fans are **$24.00** ($3.95) #SRA 406.

DUST MAGNET

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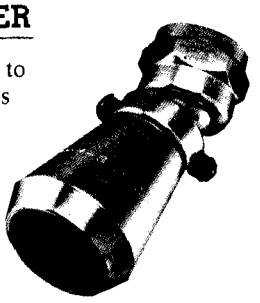
SAVINGS IN THE SHOWER



We're all being urged to do our part to protect and preserve our precious water and energy resources. *Tools For Living* has discovered a finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver that can help you do your part. This shower head, manufactured by Con-Serv, cuts the use of water—*hot water*—in the shower from 5 or 8 to 2.45 gallons per minute. And using less hot water also means saving the cost of heating more water. Remember, heating water throughout the year is second only to the cost of heating the house. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gals. of water—most of it heated—every day. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water or, realizes a savings of up to $350 a year for electrically heated water or $195 for gas-heated water.

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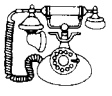

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SR091

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Stephen Wadsworth

A Guide for the Smart Buyer

The *Schwann Record & Tape Guide*, a monthly catalogue distributed through record dealers, lists recordings that are "generally available through retail record stores in the United States." But *Schwann*'s listings are arbitrary and incomplete. What good reason can there be to omit such important and widely available labels as Supraphon and Hungaroton (the state-run labels of Czechoslovakia and Hungary), English EMI, and German Harmonia Mundi, to name only a few? *Schwann* has served the business well and still has its uses—it is, after all, our *only* catalogue—but there is a need for a guide that serves both market and public realistically. There are works and performances available on record that you and your dealer should know about—perhaps half again as many as *Schwann* lists.

Like the book business, the record market in America has a bit of a blockbuster complex. Record outlets don't want to keep a lot of merchandise around; many offer only what's on *Billboard* magazine's Top-Ten lists, which means a never-ending rhapsody of Luciano Pavarotti and multiple versions of the Pachelbel canon. Most aren't likely even to order, much less to stock, non-*Schwann* records, and some feel that special-ordering anything at all is a waste of man-hours. Shopping for records in Smalltown, U.S.A., can be extremely frustrating. There will always be lovingly tended specialty shops, but if you can't find one, consider a superbly stocked mail-order outlet (André Perrault, Ltd., Old Stone House, 73 East Allen Street, Winooski, Vermont 05404; catalogues, $5.70); or a leading distributor of non-*Schwann* imported recordings (German News Co., 220 East 86 Street, New York, NY 10028; catalogues $2.50); or both.

Do not fear imports. They constitute a world of artists, performances, and pressings that in many instances outclass *Schwann* offerings. Qualiton Imports (39-28 Crescent Street, Long Island City, New York 11101; catalogues free) has recently released, on Supraphon and Hungaroton respectively, fine recordings of Bohuslav Martinu's six symphonies and Karl Goodmark's opera, *The Queen of Sheba*; there is only one Martinu symphony in *Schwann*, and no Goldmark opera. Qualiton has also made available, on the Swedish label Bis, a 14-disc series of Grieg's complete piano music; here Bis offers about eight hours of music not listed in *Schwann*, and the performances and pressings rival any record of Grieg piano music *Schwann* does list. German News carries, on German RCA, German EMI Electrola, and English EMI, superior pressings of many performances available on the unreliable surfaces of American RCA and Angel.

"Schwann" is arbitrary and incomplete. Buying by mail can bring you superior value.

And imports, while their technical quality is invariably higher and their packaging more attractive, are not necessarily more expensive than records listed in *Schwann*. Wilhelm Furtwängler's historic *Tristan und Isolde* with Kirsten Flagstad, a five-disc investment, costs $49.98 (suggested list) on Angel's frequently defective surfaces—and only $39.90 on EMI Electrola's immaculate virgin vinyl. (One drawback: the import *Tristan* has no English libretto. About 25 percent of the imports I've heard this year have no English liner notes.) Sometimes, of course, imports *are* more expensive, but you can always hear why. Two recent mid-priced domestic labels, Quintessence and Pro Arte, feature many performances that are available for less than half the list price of German Harmonia Mundi and Supraphon, but the budget pressings are less than half as good. The tapes jam, and the records snap, crackle, and pop. Is this a bargain?

If you want top value for your money, be very wary of Angel Records, whose poor pressings—so often full of hiss and other insidious manifestations of low-fi—can spoil marvelous performances. Angel's digital recordings don't measure up either. American RCA, which for some time produced virtually unplayable records, has a promising new imported-pressings line and some good-quality digital releases, but much of their line sounds mediocre, and, again, some of the performances are available—sometimes cheaper and almost always higher-fi—from German News or through the Perrault catalogue.

So what's good in *Schwann*? In the last year or so CBS has made technical strides, better to serve their artists and their public, as has Nonesuch, technically the most advanced and, thanks to an enterprising catalogue, by far the most interesting of the so-called budget labels. The most reliable "generally available" labels are Telarc, the technically pristine digital pioneer, and the divisions of Polygram Classics—Deutsche Grammophon, Archiv, London, Telefunken, L'Oiseau Lyre, Argo, and Philips. They are all pressed and produced in Europe with great care and consistently rank with the best records made. The Polygram labels maintain the best balance of great performance and great sound.

The moral of the story: Use *Schwann*, but be aware of its inadequacies. For a marginally greater expenditure of time (and sometimes money) you can treat yourself to the best the market offers. ■

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BOOKS

JACK KIGHTLINGER-THE WHITE HOUSE

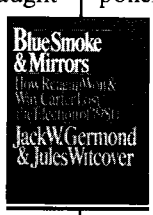
Germond and Witcover, shown above meeting with President Reagan, argue that the press does not neglect the issues.

A Backstage Look at Campaign '80

Blue Smoke and Mirrors: How Reagan Won and Why Carter Lost the Election of 1980
by Jack W. Germond and Jules Witcover, The Viking Press, 322 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by Jeff Greenfield

EVER SINCE Theodore H. White's *The Making of the President, 1960* taught Americans that the backstage drama of a presidential election is as fascinating as its visible pageantry, political reporters have spent more and more of their time detailing the strategies, battle tactics, and game plans (choose your favorite metaphor) of the campaigns. Pollsters, media advisers, political consultants, and other tacticians have, at times, crowded the candidates themselves out of the official chronicles—to say nothing of the realm of ideas and policies that are often treated as mere window-dressing for the technician.



It is a measure of what happened in 1980 that two of the best-known reporters of campaign tactics repeatedly emphasize that the 1980 presidential election was *not* decided by "the new political technology." In 1980, Jack Germond and Jules Witcover write, "unforeseen events were so decisive, compelling, and uncontrollable that they overwhelmed the professionals' efforts to shape and confine the presidential campaign." Coming from the authors of a syndicated political column which often reports politics hour-by-hour and straw-poll-by-straw-poll, this is roughly equivalent to an admission by Hugh Hefner that young male magazine readers are not all that interested in sexual mechanics. It is, nonetheless, both a perceptive observation and a telling indication that the 1980 presidential campaign was fought out on the terrain of political substance, not tactics.

To be sure, *Blue Smoke and Mirrors* displays a fondness, if not passion, for the intimate detail, the backstage maneuver. We learn that President Carter was eating a turkey-and-ham club sandwich aboard Air Force One on Election Eve when he got the news from pollster Patrick Caddell that he would lose. We learn that Carter changed back into a blue suit when he dashed from Chicago

Jeff Greenfield comments on politics and media for CBS News. His new book on the media and the 1980 presidential campaign will be published next spring.

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to Washington, D.C. to deal with Iran's terms for the release of the American hostages. We learn that Ronald Reagan became so angry with campaign chief John Sears shortly before he fired him that Reagan "leaped out of his chair, his face flaming red, and raged at Sears" so intensely that another aide feared the candidate would throw a punch.

The authors also defend their craft—and themselves—from the charge that political journalists neglect the issues. "This is utter malarkey," Germond and Witcover insist. "If what a candidate says is covered too little, and the tone of his campaign or his personal foibles is covered too much, it's usually because he hasn't said anything new or newsworthy; the kind of campaign he's running is telling the voters more about his campaign than what he's saying about the issues does."

Yet throughout this account of the 1980 presidential campaign, Germond and Witcover seem to recognize that what filled the columns and the airwaves may not have been the most critical aspects of the election—either in advancing the obsessive desire of the press to figure out "who's ahead," or in attempting to provide readers and viewers with a coherent sense of what the battle was all about.

For example, George Bush's Iowa caucus victory (meticulously detailed here) triggered a classic reaction among reporters and politicians alike—that the momentum (or as George Bush liked to call it, "Big Mo") was inexorably swinging his way. Germond and Witcover themselves wrote, shortly before the New Hampshire primary, that "a consensus" was emerging among Republican professionals that Bush might win every remaining important primary. In retrospect, the authors conclude that Bush's campaign failed because he never established a substantive alternative to Ronald Reagan's campaign. Republicans, in other words, stuck with Reagan because they shared the world view he had been offering for 16 years.

Similarly, the stumbling entrance of Senator Edward Kennedy into the campaign—a disastrous Roger Mudd interview, frequent slips on the campaign trail, and an impolitic attack on the deposed Shah—reflected the fact that Kennedy lacked a clear sense of *why* he wanted to be president (that was the question he flubbed so badly when Mudd asked it on national television).

And Jimmy Carter's "streak of meanness," which dominated political coverage all through September, was, as Germond and Witcover note, inextricably linked to a broader political context. Carter and his aides knew he could not run on his record. As one aide told them, "We knew if we had to fight this campaign in the trenches, talking about the consumer price index and the Iranian hostages and the economy, we would not be in good shape. We knew we had to make Reagan the issue." The only way to do this was for the President himself to paint Reagan as a threat to national unity and world peace. That it did not work was irrelevant; there simply was no other possible route to victory. As Pat Caddell said after the election, "All along we were trying to keep real events out of the campaign."

The dilemma for reporters such as Germond and Witcover is that there are two levels to politics. One lies at the surface, where every day there are new ripples and shifts in the current. At the other level, events move much more slowly. It takes years for the basic elements of a political coalition to shift, as during the last 20 years much of the middle class and significant numbers of Jews and Catholics moved away from the Democratic Party. These shifts are usually not covered by daily political journalism, but they have more to do with what happens in an election than a hundred commercials and a month's worth of polls.

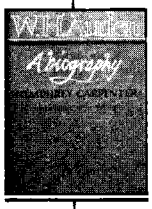
For years, Germond and Witcover have covered the first level of our political life as well as any reporters in the country. In *Blue Smoke and Mirrors*, they have tried to put what happened into a broader context. The result is an absorbing glimpse back into our recent political past. ■

Stalking an Elusive Poet

W.H. Auden: A Biography
by Humphrey Carpenter, Houghton Mifflin, 466 pp., $15.95

Reviewed by D.M. Thomas

THIS IS A GOOD biography, but somehow it doesn't work. Packed with information, lucid, well-organized, competently written, it does not "write the life" of W.H. Auden. Partly this may be because Humphrey Carpenter, for all his industry, does not give the impression that he has absorbed himself fully in his subject, in the way that—to take a recent poet's biography—Avril Pyman absorbed herself in the life of Alexander Blok. There is not the same fusion of plentiful material into a coherent, if complex, portrait; rather, Carpenter relies heavily on gossipy observations by friends and acquaintances, which fizz across the pages like random particles. Auden, we hear from several people as well as from himself, preferred to pee in the washbasin. Well, so what? We hardly need to be told about this mild eccentricity a dozen times.



But probably the main reason why this biography fails to write Auden's life is Auden himself. Although he tried, with predictable lack of success, to make a biography impossible, by requesting his friends to burn his letters, he need not have worried. His own life makes a biography impossible, or at best immensely difficult, to write. He loved reading thrillers and detective stories, and once said he was "proud to believe" that C. Day Lewis's detective Nigel Strangeways in the "Nicholas Blake" thrillers was partly based on him. "Strangeways" would be a good pseudonym for Auden. I ended this constantly interesting and informative book still wondering *Whodunit?*; or rather, *Who was it?* Where was the missing person, and who was he? He was not in England, or America, or Ischia, or Austria. It was not even quite certain where his mortal remains were: in Christian ground, but huddled against the railings, since he was a Protestant in the Catholic church at Kirchstetten. Even the gender was uncertain; he once described himself as "the Man-Woman."

Did he love reading detective yarns

Poet and novelist D.M. Thomas is the author, most recently, of *The White Hotel*.

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because he wanted to solve the mystery of himself? Perhaps the would-be biographer should renounce formal biography for the detective story. In that case, two important characters and suspects would obviously be his parents living in the middle-classes in the middle of England, Birmingham. Auden remembered above all that they "loved us and treated us gently." The father was a physician, intelligent, gentle, henpecked. The mother was dominating, and established Auden's fierce work ethic, his obsession with punctuality and paid bills. The adult Auden would register his disapproval of something by remarking, "Mother wouldn't like it." Perhaps an early clue in the biography-thriller occurs when these respectable Edwardian people alarmed Wystan at the age of five by appearing at a fancy-dress party, each wearing the other's clothes.

Or, in view of his changeable, contradictory nature, his life might be told poetically, in variations on the *I Ching* hexagrams. Let's try some examples. *The Family*: "English life is for me a family life, and I love my family but I don't want to live with them...." Yet after he had left England, his poetry became increasingly domestic, and *cozy* one of his favorite words. *The Traveling Stranger*: The first professional poet, flying from coast to coast, continent to continent, like tennis players on the circuit. Rootless, yet yearning for home and family life, Auden even proposed marriage to various women friends—so long as his son could be called Chester.... *Sudden Encounters*: A.L. Rowse remarks that Auden could always manage to pick up a youth on the short train journey from Oxford to London when he was an undergraduate; he kept a homosexual "Don Juan" list of boys picked up in Berlin. These encounters were, in his eyes, no more than swift transactions, like buying meat at a butcher's.

In contrast, there was the "marriage" with Chester Kallman, which we would have to represent under a marriage of hexagrams, such as *Mutual Attraction, The Marrying Maiden, Obstructions, Withdrawal,* and *Long Duration*. Falling in love with Kallman a few months after his arrival in the United States with Christopher Isherwood, in 1939, Auden found to his sorrow that they were incompatible. Auden had to acknowledge that Kallman didn't want sex with him; he was forced to accept the fact that Kallman needed other lovers; and gradually Auden too was compelled, reluctantly, to turn to casual affairs again. But "long duration" there certainly was, in their platonic marriage. Kallman was faithful in his fashion, and did not long survive his friend's death.

Love, and its physical expression, had to be separated for most of Auden's life. On one side there was Kallman; and on the other side, "meat." There were temporary fusions of the two forces—notably perhaps when Auden was a schoolmaster at the Downs School in Herefordshire in the early Thirties. (When, toward the end of his life, I invited him to read at my Herefordshire college, to my great surprise he agreed. I believe in retrospect that he came because the train journey would take him past a place where he had been happy.) For the most part, however, Eros and Agape were sharply divided. Also, of course, homosexuality was still a twilight world. The effect of these tensions on Auden's inner life and his poetry can only be guessed to have been enormous.

His first years in America were a climacteric, as well as literally the halfway point in his life. In quick succession came the break from England, love and its frustration, the conversion from a superficial Marxism to Christianity, and the death of his mother. They are connected, in some profound way that Carpenter hints at but does not explore as Strangeways would have done. Auden broke with Mother England at her hour of greatest need; he associated the Church closely with his own mother, and also with magic: "My first religious memories are of exciting magical rites...." He once wrote that "abnormal"—for example, homosexual—sexual acts were also rites

HENRY REDL, LIFE MAGAZINE ©1970 TIME INC.

Auden did all he could, including asking friends to burn his letters, to keep his biography from being written.

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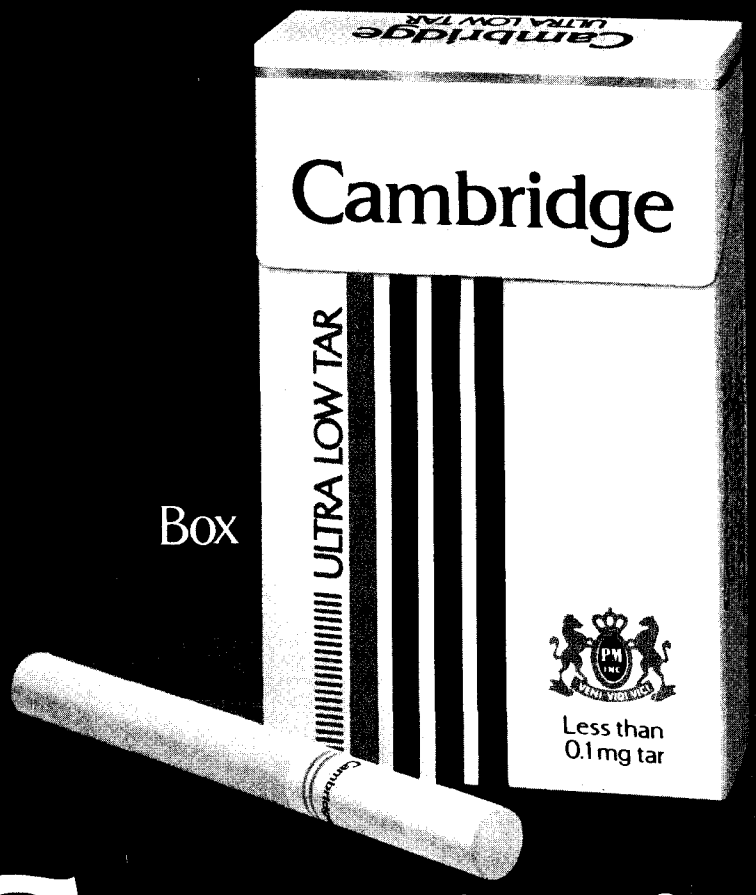
THE LOWEST TAR OF ALL.



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of symbolic magic.

Where that line of connection takes us, I don't know, because I'm not Strangeways. But it's interesting that Auden's religious verse emphasizes the rational, not the magical, and there is no erotic magic in his poetry. Indeed, from his middle life on he increasingly and deliberately avoided all magic in his poetry, in favor of the rational, the social, the domestic. Carpenter quotes approvingly John Lehmann's tribute to Auden: "None, I believe, has shown such an extraordinary capacity to speak through poetry...about the whole of life." Yet there is a whole segment of the living spectrum—that part which Yeats explores in his later poetry—which Auden turned away from. Perhaps the evasions are shown most clearly in the lexicon-hunting he indulged in; they are more subtly indicated, I think, in the prose-like rhythms of his late poetry. As T.S. Eliot brought in the rhythms of the internal combustion engine, so Auden introduced to poetry the rhythms of the transatlantic jet-liner. It is a symptom of how much, in the roots of his life, he had had to suppress or cut off. He advised an acolyte to write with his groin; but he himself always wrote with his brain.

So, at any rate, I gather from reading Carpenter's dossier and re-reading some of the poetry alongside it. Others will draw very different conclusions. It may be that the right form of biography for Auden is the spy-thriller. As with the Cambridge spies of the between-wars generation, Kim Philby for instance, one gets the impression of a largely hidden life. Like Philby, Auden was charming, dedicated in his chosen profession, scruffy and hard-drinking outside it. He shared with Guy Burgess and Anthony Blunt, both of whom he knew, the homosexual's minority consciousness, the secret anti-establishment feeling. "Do you care what happens to England?" he asked himself in 1940. "Given England, not in the least." The word *betrayal*, he thought, had ceased to have any meaning. He expressed continuing friendship for Burgess after his defection.

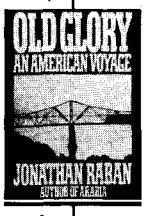
Clearly, Auden's "espionage" was immeasurably nobler than was that of Philby and Co. He was, perhaps, "God's spy," not the Kremlin's. I find it an interesting analogy, all the same. No one can write Philby's biography either—not even Philby. Carpenter's attempt to pin down Auden adds an entertaining, inconclusive document to the file—wherever that may be. ■

Down the Mississippi

Old Glory: An American Voyage
by Jonathan Raban, Simon & Schuster, 528 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by Robert R. Harris

TRAVEL WRITING burgeoned between the two world wars when Englishmen, sensing the dissolution of their Empire, felt the need to set out for one last look at the "colonial" world. Following in the tradition of Charles M. Doughty (whose *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, 1888, is a classic), Evelyn Waugh traveled to South America, D.H. Lawrence took in Mexico and the American Southwest, Graham Greene trekked through West Africa, and Robert Byron ventured into Afghanistan, Persia, and Tibet. The writing of distinguished travel literature has now passed on to a new generation. Paul Theroux, John McPhee, and Edward Hoagland have all published memorable accounts of odd journeys. Now add Jonathan Raban, a 37-year-old Englishman who wrote *Arabia* (1979), a fascinating account of the Middle East. *Old Glory*, his story of a trip down the Mississippi River, is as captivating a travel book as Theroux's *The Great Railway Bazaar* and is as evocative of place as McPhee's *Coming Into the Country*.



Raban has a novelist's eye for the telling detail that surprises and provides perspective. "Nothing does so much justice to the gargantuan scale of American life as its national weather maps," he writes. We take the epic quality of our weather for granted: "Without betraying the slightest flicker of wonder or concern," TV weathermen announce that people are "being frozen to death in Butte, roasted in Flagstaff, and blown off their feet in Tallahassee."

Raban was drawn to the Mississippi from the time, at age seven, when he first read *Huckleberry Finn* by a brook in the English countryside. The child's daydreams were fed by the picture on the novel's dust jacket: The body of water on which Huck drifted was "immense, an enameled pool of lapis lazuli. Smoke from a half-hidden steamboat hung over an island of Gothic conifers. Cut loose from the world, chewing on his corncob pipe, the boy was blissfully lost in this stillwater paradise." All young Raban needed then was the family atlas for the place names—Dubuque, Prairie du Chien, Hannibal, Cairo, Natchez, Baton Rouge—to work their magic.

Thirty years later, in 1979, Raban lit out for the Mississippi. Fancying himself a modern-day Huck, he picked a 16-foot aluminum boat with a 15-horsepower outboard motor. Although Raban did make it all the way down the river (twice hitching rides aboard tows), his choice of craft, as he soon learned, was as foolhardy as attempting the journey on a raft. The Mississippi, you see, is exceedingly dangerous. The four-story tows that work the river, each pushing or pulling eight acres' worth of barge, pack upwards of 9,000 horsepower and throw wakes 20 feet high. In a lock chamber, Raban notes, a tow "could swill the two-or-three-million-odd gallons of water about like a milkshake." Along the river, an "eddy" is often a euphemism for a whirlpool as big as a baseball field. Three to four miles wide in places, the river jerks and spins gigantic trees ripped from its shore "as if a bored child were playing with them by radio control." Wing dams made of rock jut out into the river just below its surface and they can rip the bottom out of a boat.

Dreams, of course, conflict with reality. Or, at the very least, reality imposes a patina on our experience. The river Raban found was not the one depicted on the child's book cover. Yet, it was to prove dynamic, challenging, awesome in its many guises.

Visiting scores of hamlets, towns, and cities along the river, Raban was continually disillusioned by the big urban centers, which seem to have conspired to create a nightmare. Minneapolis "bridged, dammed, locked, [and] piered" the Mississippi, reducing it to a "sluggish canal on the wrong side of the tracks." In the

Robert R. Harris is the literary editor of *Saturday Review*.

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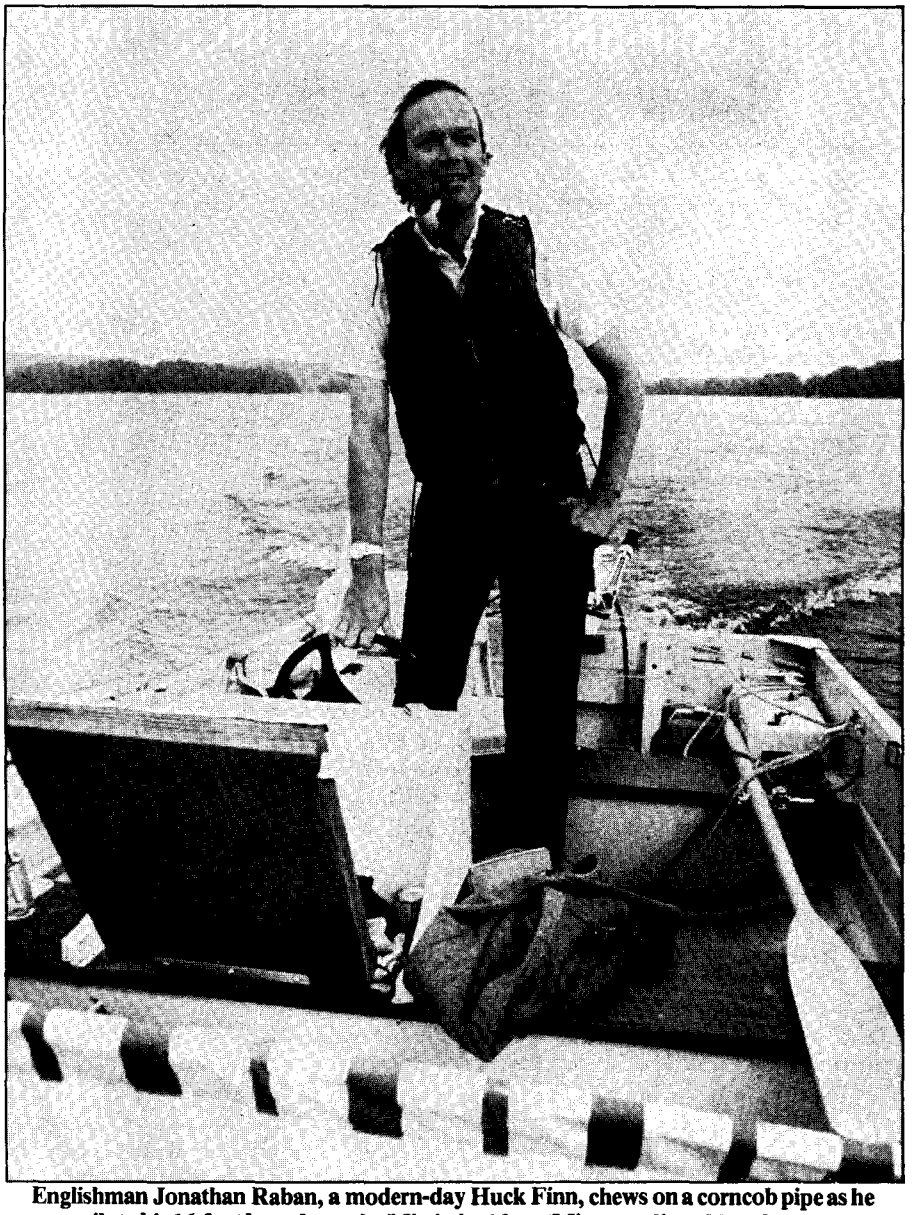

WAYNE CROSSLIN

Englishman Jonathan Raban, a modern-day Huck Finn, chews on a corncob pipe as he pilots his 16-foot boat down the Mississippi from Minneapolis to New Orleans.

great American tradition, the city headed West and built miles-long strips of junk-food joints, porno movies, and "the kind of motels where you expect to find blood running down your shower curtain." At St. Louis, the river is littered with "dead trees, gasoline drums, garden fences, and lumps of polystyrene like sheets of frozen tapioca pudding." The city itself—desolate and crime-ridden—sends Raban scurrying off to the suburbs for a few weeks of R&R with a young local woman. This interlude of domesticity seems out of place here. The river is Raban's mistress. He makes us love it too; and when he strays from it for too long a time, we become anxious to get on with the affair.

Fortunately, wanderlust proves stronger than its sexual counterpart, and Raban is soon back on the river. And Raban excels at writing about the river and the towns on its banks. He takes to these places—some dull, some run-down, others thriving. Muscatine, Iowa, for example, has aged gracefully, absorbing new industrial plants, along with its button factory, grain elevators, and farms, which gives it an "air of being comfortably, unflashily rich." Most river towns boomed and busted long ago; Muscatine has "the pride of place that had always got along fine with the river, able to match it on equal terms." But Raban can spot a phony. Hannibal, Missouri, boasts a Huck Finn Shopping Plaza, a Mark Twain Dinette and Diner, a Mark Twain Pet Center, and a Mark Twain Body & Fender Shop. It "adopted Twain's angry masterpiece and civilized it into a nice, profit-making chunk of sentimental kitsch."

Raban ate, drank, fished, talked politics (President Carter's steamboat trip down the river; the uproar in *"Eye-ran"*), and went to church with all types of river people. He deftly describes them all. There's the river-lock operator who hates "Washington politicians, Madison Avenue jerks, college presidents, and beautiful people," his wife who watches TV and copies out passages from the Bible, and the junior high school students who have never managed to finish reading *Huck Finn*. In Iowa, Raban notices that people go around talking about "my taxidermist" the way a Manhattanite might refer to his psychoanalyst. Raban finds one with two refrigerators full of spare animal parts. He'll mount anything except a pet—"You can never get a dog or cat to look like their owners remember them," he tells Raban. "Then you get into a heartbreak situation, you know?"

In Vicksburg, Raban meets an Arab bank president who's been honored by the D.A.R. "His voice pure Mississippi, his clothes Fifth Avenue," the man has fulfilled his American Dream. But Raban also runs across men whose dreams unnerve:

> Every town [had a] doleful riverfront figure with the air of the village idiot. Their faces were twisted into a permanent scowl from staring into the current. They wore cracked snake boots, faded jeans, windbreakers, and forage caps. Some carried guns and pretended to be out hunting. Most, though, just gazed emptily at the water as if it were a non-stop television channel.

Raban migrated south through ten states—from Minneapolis to New Orleans—more than 2,000 miles of river, roughly the distance from New York to Salt Lake City. At the end, the glitter of New Orleans proved unbearable, and he set out on a new journey through Louisiana's bayous. Here, where the Spanish moss looks "exactly like the matted dirt which collects inside the bags of vacuum cleaners," where mud banks are as "soft and greasy as black butter," he leaves us.

The Mississippi cuts through the center of America, exposing its strong heart and its ailments. Panicked urban citizens make vain attempts to revive downtowns, building grandiose tourist centers on ground they long ago abandoned to squalor. Others, the solid burghers of Muscatine among them, prosper. The

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American economic system can be made to work. For every nasty, provincial bigot convinced that America has lost its nerve, there is a dreamer who has not given up, or a pragmatic leader who discovers that democracy is most successful when practiced on a small scale. There are delightful ironies that, on close inspection, are not as incongruous as at first they seem: the heartlanders who despise "strangers" from a neighboring county, but who—somehow still in touch with their own immigrant heritage—will open their doors to a foreigner.

And there is the river itself, bringing disaster to some, fortune to others. The Mississippi is brutish and gentle, murderous and sustaining, still casting the clearest reflection of a diverse land and its heroic people. ■

Fiction Briefs

Sixty Stories
by Donald Barthelme
G.P. Putnam's Sons, 464 pp., $15.95

SEVENTEEN YEARS? Barthelme's been at it for more than 17 years? Amazing! Depressing!

Yes, it's been that long. This collection of Barthelme's short stories begins with five from *Come Back, Dr. Caligari* (1964) and continues through nine recent, uncollected pieces. It's a good time for this collection, for the time *of* this collection—from Kennedy through Carter, to put convenient correlatives upon it—is a discrete period, begun and ended, a period whose social, moral, and emotional landscape has been represented by Barthelme better than by most.

If the period is of a piece, so too are these stories. Not much has changed over the years: There are the philosophical excursions, the blurred dialogues, the cinematic descriptions, the nasty/chic relationships. And there is the language, still transforming the banal into the surreal and vice versa, still constructing syllogisms that challenge us to accept the shifting internal logic of a story as no less valid than the shifting logic of our lives.

What has changed, perhaps, is orientation. The journey from "Views of My Father Weeping" (1970) to "A Manual for Sons" (1975) to "Aria" (1981) is a journey from childhood to parenthood. And in "Bishop," the best of the recent stories, a relationship gone sour speaks not of the unfulfilled opportunities delineated in Barthelme's earlier works, but of *lost* opportunities, of reflection, and of dream-wishes of childhood.

It *is* a time for reflection, the beginning of this new period. It will be interesting to see what Barthelme, an important chronicler of our lives, eventually makes of it all.

—CAREY HORWITZ

Cujo
by Stephen King
The Viking Press, 299 pp., $13.95

SLICK, SKILLFUL, SAVAGE, Stephen King's *Cujo* is a sure bet for the best-seller lists. It's as grisly as *Carrie*, as ominous as *The Shining*, as eerie and absorbing as *The Dead Zone*. Carefully plotted, the novel throbs with the malignant evil that permeates all of King's fiction. In it, the civilized world is a scrim that barely conceals a rolling current of catastrophe.

The territory will be familiar to readers addicted to King, for *Cujo* concerns a born-again boogieman who was killed off (if not laid to rest) in *The Dead Zone*. Once again, the town of Castle Rock, Maine, is visited by an agent of hell. And, once again, an innocent seer falls prey to an inexorable malefactor. (This time, it is a hydrophobic St. Bernard who is the Beast incarnate—a notion that becomes more believable as the tale progresses.)

Cujo isn't as haunting as the author's vintage works. It's equipped with all of the familiar chilly conventions—and much bloody, morbid imagery—but its night stalkers aren't as menacing as they might be. And King breaks the spell at times with a clumsy metaphor or an awkward bit of phrasing. Nevertheless, this thriller offers tingles and shudders apace; it's replete with little shocks that dim the memory of the author's missteps.

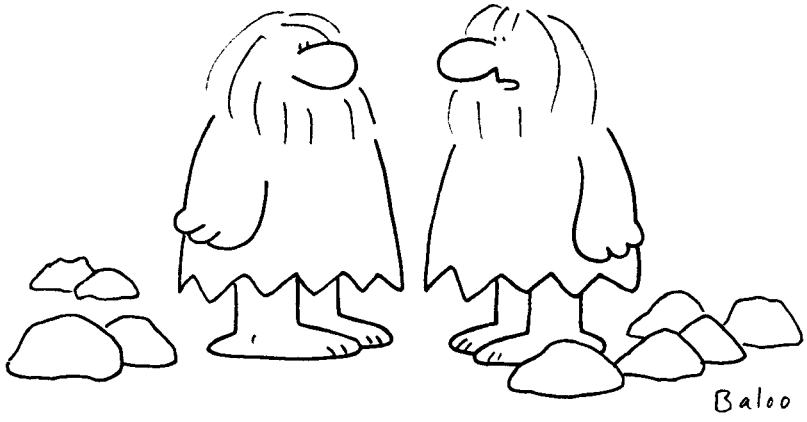
—MICHELLE GREEN

Take This Man
by Frederick Busch
Farrar, Straus & Giroux 264 pp., $12

A TOUR DE FORCE of comedy and pathos, Frederick Busch's *Take This Man* will have readers—and writers—admiring its exactness. Every *thing* on the page seems to have been eyeballed, touched, and weighed, and the characters are shaped and given life in an encircling, stylized manner.

The protagonist is Anthony Prioleau, a clumsy wartime researcher stationed at Patoka Plains, Illinois, in 1944. He's studying the possible application of TV technology on fighters and bombers when his life is disrupted briefly by Ellen LaRue Spencer. En route to see her fiance before his Seabee company leaves San Diego for the invasion of Japan, she is put up by Prioleau while her car is being repaired. Their ensuing love affair is played out against a backdrop peopled with eccentric small-town folk: a druggist who goes batty when his daughter is seduced; the daughter herself who writes unsalable soap-opera scripts; an alcoholic who fires buckshot at "Communists floating through the air." Busch's humor has the driven oddity of Faulkner's *Pylon, The Wild Palms*, and *Sanctuary* without the doom and outrage; it climaxes in a superb burlesque of a grade-school play about Jews and Nazis and in a description of the first hectic display of TV in the Midwest. Prioleau and Ellen have a son and the author shows us their lives in 1956, 1963, and 1980. Busch's eighth and best work of fiction demands concentration; he refuses to write a commonplace word.

—DONALD NEWLOVE



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BOOKS

Reinhart's Women
by Thomas Berger
Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence
296 pp., $12.95

WITH THE PUBLICATION of his 11th novel, the prodigiously talented Thomas Berger turns his mordantly comic Reinhart trilogy—*Crazy in Berlin* (1958), *Reinhart in Love* (1962), and *Vital Parts* (1970)—into a world-class series. The eponymous Carlo Reinhart, an Ohio-born hulk of a German-American, first saw service as a teenager during the Allied occupation of Berlin. After surviving the postwar college scene, Reinhart entered into a series of disastrous business ventures and a destructive marriage to Genevieve Raven, who bore him son Blaine (who grew up to become a Sixties' radical) and whale-like Winona. All of this proved to our hero that Virgil was right when he said there are tears in things.

The new novel presents Reinhart at 54, serenely sailing into late middle-age. Having divorced Gen a decade before, he now keeps house for dutiful Winona, who has dieted her way to become a svelte and highly paid fashion model and her father's sole support. (Meanwhile, Blaine has become a miserly stockbroker with a skitterish wife and two rude children.) That Winona's sexual proclivities run to women is only the first surprise that turns grandfather Reinhart's new life into a comedy of the commonplace.

The mood here is less biting than in the earlier books as Reinhart achieves a "hearty Elizabethan" happiness moving back and forth in a daily round full of devoted daughters, lovers, friends, and neighbors. Berger devotees will notice the evolution, too, of the Reinhart style from a heavily complicated syntax that relied as much upon wit as drama to a plainer, more demonstrative prose.

—ALAN CHEUSE

Sauce for the Goose
by Peter De Vries
Little, Brown, 240 pp., $11.95

WHAT'S SAUCE for the goose, it turns out, isn't sauce for the gander. A woman wants someone who says "You waltz divinely." A man wants someone to keep his clothes clean. Of course, a woman may divorce a man because he actually does say "You waltz divinely." Such are the vagaries of romance.

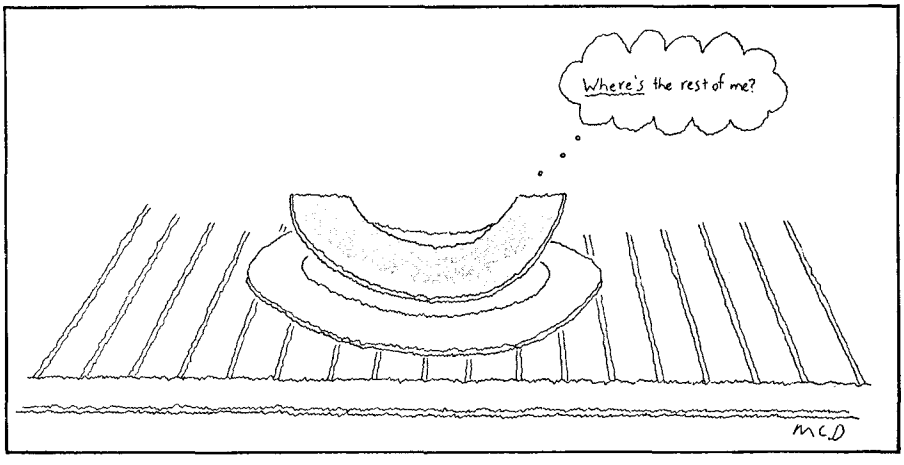
This story could be summed up Cinderella-style: Girl comes from the Midwest to the big city; she starts as a typist and winds up owning a magazine, having married the boss. But Cinderella is less to the point than the heroine's nickname, Daisy May. Daisy may be adopted; then again, she may not. Daisy may marry Dutch dynamo Dirk Dolfin; then again, she may not. It doesn't much matter, so long as her caustic mind and gameness can carry her into situations of deepening ironic absurdity—like writing an article on sexual harassment during the course of which the only harassment she encounters comes from the woman editor who assigned the piece.

It must be a curse to be both extremely silly and helplessly intellectual. De Vries is so comfortable with his cynicism that he doesn't even try to be wise or even really satirical. He takes us on a quick two-step that makes for bright light reading. You may wish to tell him, "You waltz divinely." Then again, you may ask for a divorce.

—ANNA SHAPIRO

On the Stroll
by Alix Kates Shulman
Alfred A. Knopf, 320 pp., $12.95

ALIX KATES SHULMAN, author of the best-selling *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen*, sets out to show us New York's Hell's Kitchen (and life) from the divergent points of view of three pilgrims in the



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Port Authority Bus Terminal

Owl, an aged vagrant susceptible to mystical visions, is looking for an heir for her five shopping bags, which contain everything from welfare forms, to love letters, to bread crumbs for pigeons less fortunate than she. Prince, a good looking pimp with an ulcer, is casting about for trainee material. And there's Robin, a teenage runaway from Portland, Maine. Prince stands Robin to a milkshake in Walgreens, dubs her Button, and sets her up in business at the Hotel Venus. After that, she is repeatedly and predictably humiliated until Owl takes the girl under her own broken wing, and is incinerated for her efforts in an accidental fire. Robin (none the wiser for her seamy experiences) boards another Greyhound, this time bound for California.

With no fem-lib dogma on which to hang her plot, Shulman seems to be at a loss. One wonders what the book is about. Isolated moments of poignancy, perhaps, in a world in which it's harder and harder to tell who's gaming and who's for real. But no one is for real here. Owl is the only character with any heart, and she inhabits a lower depths without depth, an inferno that lacks the heat of passion. —LAURA GERINGER

Nonfiction Briefs

Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession
by Janet Malcolm
Alfred A. Knopf, 192 pp., $9.95

THE PSYCHOANALYTIC TECHNIQUES set forth by Freud in 1912 have since become the highly codified foundation of one of America's most prestigious and unsettling professions. With the same intelligence and verve of her earlier work on photography (*Diana and Nikon*), Janet Malcolm here mixes a discussion of the lofty controversies surrounding the Oedipal complex with delicious gossip about the prestigious New York Psychoanalytic Institute.

Malcolm's primary source is an intransigent purist of American psychoanalysis, to whom she gives the name Aaron Green. In their conversations—which are rather like "good analytic hours"—Green advocates the "nonvisibility" of the psychoanalyst. Classical orthodox psychoanalysis, he says, attracts practi-

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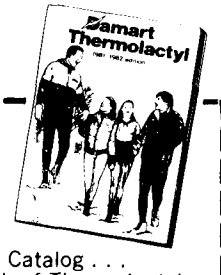

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BOOKS

tioners who enjoy solitary days spent listening attentively to others' woes without ever becoming involved. The analyst must give up all hope of enlightening his patients. Indeed, it isn't clear what he can hope to accomplish in the peculiar situation of "intimate separation."

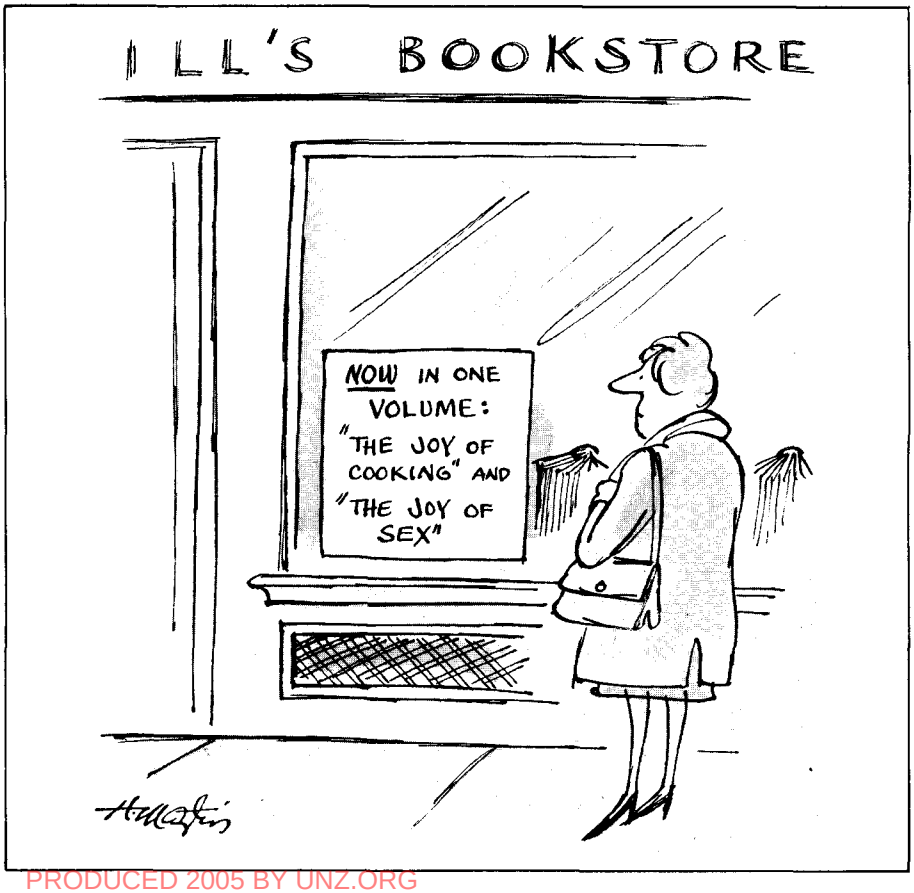
Yet after analysis, patients are likely to feel the way the characters do in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: They know that things have changed for the better, but they don't know quite how it all happened. One can be less equivocal about Malcolm's achievement. Her book is a witty and trenchant examination of a difficult, intriguing profession, the modest goal of which, Freud wrote, is to transform "hysterical misery into common unhappiness." —CARRIE McKEE

Up the Tube: Prime Time TV and the Silverman Years
by Sally Bedell
The Viking Press, 313 pp., $13.95

SALLY BEDELL is a veteran *TV Guide* columnist with great timing. In *Up the Tube*, she chronicles network TV's fortunes as personified in the career of Fred Silverman, who was just ousted as NBC boss. Her account of high-level ambition and failure is injected with hot gossip, but she never stoops to Rona Barrett-like cheapness.

Having interviewed all the network heavies who ever rallied for or against Silverman, Bedell presents the men who take TV's ratings war in dead seriousness, who arm themselves with weapons like *The Beverly Hillbillies*, *Soap*, and *Three's Company*, and who remain contemptuously aware that what they feed America is a steady diet of garbage. Bedell, a sure-handed journalist, pieces together their stories into a detailed mosaic of network TV.

Among the jaded and ambivalent, Fred Silverman emerges as highly energetic and dedicated almost to a fault. This is a man who believes in his programs, who cries over *Family* and laughs at *The Misadventures of Sheriff Lobo*. His surefire instincts allowed him an inordinate number of TV milestones: *All in the Family*, *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, and *Roots*, among others. When Silverman took the top job at NBC for $1 million a year, he faltered. Instead of creating another *M*A*S*H*, he came up with *Supertrain*, a hopeless derailment. Friends and colleagues watched him lose his grip, and many remarked snidely that he had always had more luck than talent. Bedell gets all the envy on record. And she concludes that it was not merely luck, but Silverman's unparalleled enthusiasm



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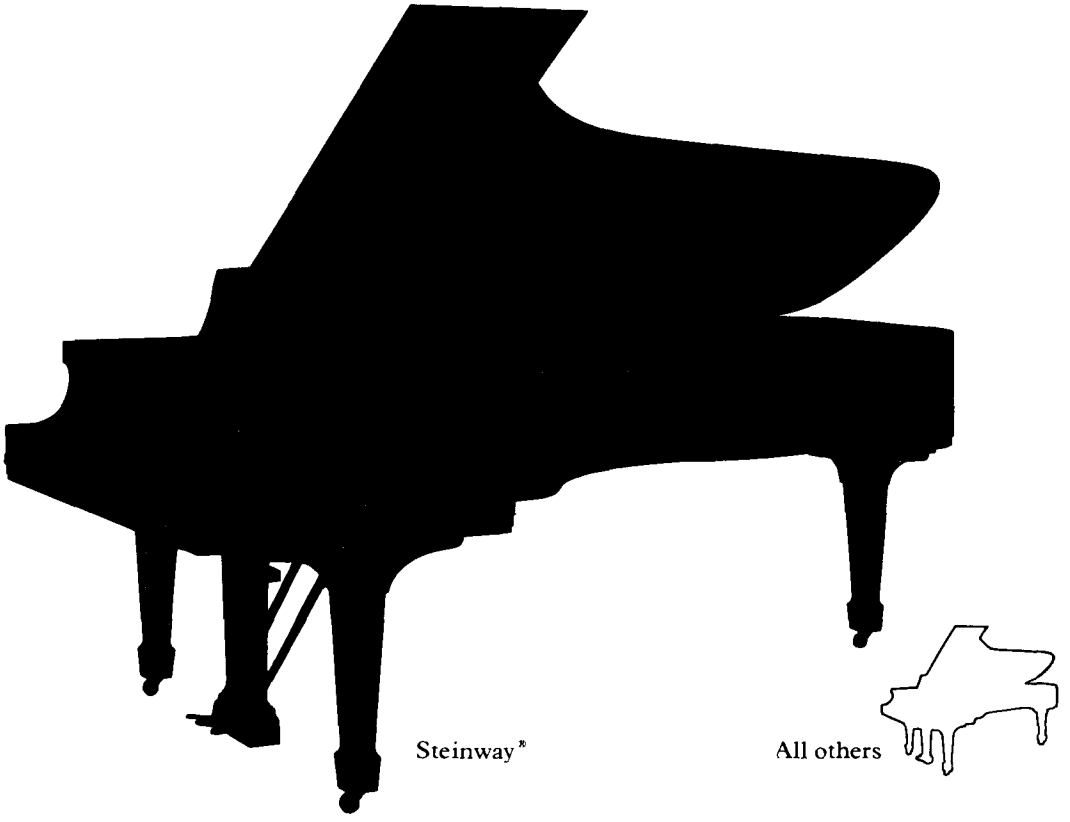

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Cleveland Orchestra	Steinway 15	Others 2
Dallas Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 8	Others 1
Denver Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 6	Others 3
Detroit Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 7	Others 5
Houston Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 10	Others 2
Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 6	Others 1
Los Angeles Philharmonic	Steinway 6	Others 0
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New York Philharmonic	Steinway 12	Others 3
Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 2	Others 0
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for his medium that kept him on top for so long. This is well-researched, hard-hitting reporting. —LAURIE WINER

At Large
by Ellen Goodman
Summit Books, 224 pp., $13.95

IT'S HARD to be Ellen Goodman. Here she is, a modest, syndicated, Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist, cheerleader for humanity and thinker of deep thoughts, just trying to get by with her adolescent daughter, and her dog that bites. And here they are, the fools and worse, trying to trip her up—conservatives, liberals, teachers, psychologists, mavens, murderers, mothers, and men.

Unfortunately, what comes through in her columns when taken together are the redundancies of quotable quotes and jogging jokes, the jargon, the strained puns and metaphors, and other lapses readers of columns forget and forgive.

They were written for newspapers, and that's where they belong, each standing on its own and surrounded by the news. At their worst, Goodman's columns are pleasant diversions from the gore, ranging from a sort of Erma Bombeck for college graduates to an update on life and love for aging *Cosmo* girls. But at their best, the columns take on the news, look behind the political rhetoric, and point out the bad side effects of laws and trends in this "massive behavior-modification program called society." That's what newspapers are supposed to do, and Goodman often does it for them with brains and compassion.

—LEE MARSHALL

The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes
edited by Donald Hall
Oxford University Press
352 pp., $15.95

"I'D AS SOON play tennis with the net down as write free verse," crusty Robert Frost once reprimanded Carl Sandburg. Such apt one-liners are standard fare in this joke book for literati.

Editor Hall has gathered scores of amusing, sometimes enlightening, tales about U.S. authors from stuffy Cotton Mather to wisecracking Dorothy Parker. Much is familiar: Mark Twain's quip that reports of his death were exaggerations; Hemingway wrestling with Max Eastman in Maxwell Perkins's office.

But many of the anecdotes have had a more limited circulation: Mencken selling rights to his hoax on the origin of the bathtub for two cases of Labatt's ale a month for life; T.S. Eliot penning readers' letters for *The Egoist*; young Robert Lowell pitching a tent on mentor Allen Tate's lawn. Hall even has some fresh Abe Lincoln stories, although I'm not convinced that Lincoln and Jefferson should have been included in a book of *literary* anecdotes. And there's not nearly enough of Robert Benchley. But quibbles aside, this book is great fun—a treasure of laughs for all fans of the written word. —ROBERT R. HARRIS

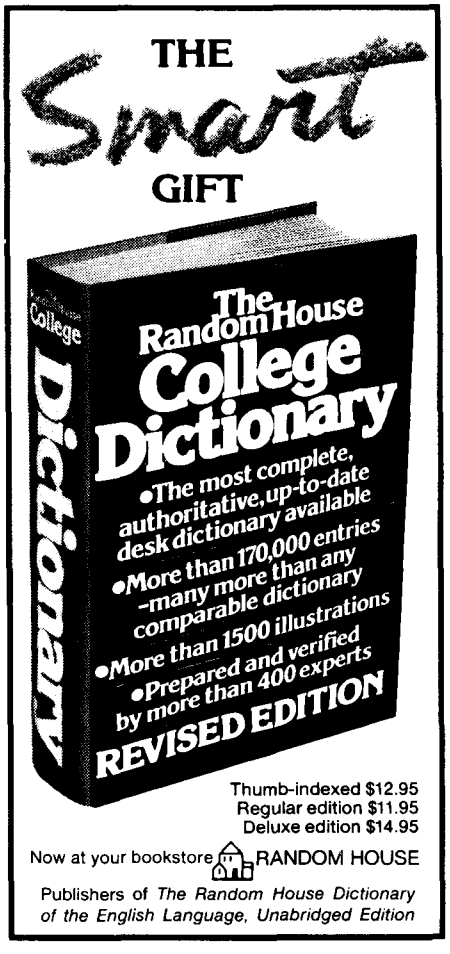
Within the Context of No Context
by George W. S. Trow
Little, Brown
240 pp., $12.95

GEORGE TROW'S new book brings together two serious nonfiction pieces originally published in the *New Yorker*. The first essay, "Within the Context of No Context," is a chronicle of his disaffection with American culture. Short staccato titles ("Television," "Intimacy," "Loneliness," "Celebrities," "Distance," "The Aesthetic of the Hit," and "World's Fair") convey a pretty clear sense of what Trow thinks—much clearer, in fact, than his Proustian paragraphs themselves, which often tend to obfuscate his points.

The second piece is Trow's profile of Ahmet Ertegun, the Turkish-born founder of Atlantic Records. Ertegun, the ultimate modern man according to Trow, is able to advise the Near Eastern Studies Department at Princeton one day and sign the Rolling Stones to a lucrative recording contract in Cannes on the next day. Following Ertegun to cafe society parties, Trow finds that "his search for novelty, vogue, and distractions leads him into situations people would find boring and fatuous." You bet. Amazingly, Trow tries to imbue Ertegun and his vapid world with profundity. "Ertegun sees in the most unrewarding night club, the unnourishing dinner party, in the most tiresome rock-and-roll singer a descendant of one of the American archetypes that fascinated him in his youth." Which American archetypes? Trow never says.

Obviously Trow—the author of the well-received short story collection *Bullies*—is looking for some deep meaning in this American scene. Unfortunately, sometimes, the view from the *New Yorker* offices is a mirage.

—SUSAN K. REED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the arts in NORTH CAROLINA

DAISY W. BRIDGES

North Carolina's cultural resources range from museums to dance festivals. At left: a porcelain sculpture (c. 1760) by Bustelli at the Mint Museum in Charlotte; and Molière's The Miser *at the Shakespeare Festival in High Point.*

Tourism and the Arts

North Carolina has been a "variety vacationland" for visitors for more than two centuries. Thousands of visitors arrive each year to enjoy the spectacular fall colors along the Blue Ridge Parkway, where the mountains are called the "Land of the Sky." The highest mountains in eastern America, they abound in recreational opportunities, including three national parks and forests, countless state parks, and the state's oldest travel attraction: the Blowing Rock. Early Carolina settlers discovered that light objects tossed from the rock are returned by updrafts.

The starting point for a tour of the North Carolina mountains is Asheville, offering a variety of shops, restaurants, crafts, folk-music events, golf, hiking, and a range of outdoor activities. Asheville was home to Thomas Wolfe, whose boyhood home at 48 Spruce Street is open to the public. The model for Dixieland in *Look Homeward, Angel*, the house is open year-round. Author F. Scott Fitzgerald frequented Asheville, and one can still see his favorite room at the Grove Park Inn, built in 1913 of massive stone boulders. Asheville is also the site of one of the most spectacular estates in America, Biltmore House and Gardens. A French Renaissance-style mansion with 255 rooms, it was completed in 1895 and was home for millionaire George Vanderbilt. Other attractions include the Asheville Art Museum, the Southern Highlands Handicraft guild, and Connemara, the home of the late Carl Sandburg, in nearby Flat Rock.

The central Piedmont section of North Carolina is rich in historic and cultural sites, such as Old Salem, the restored Moravian Congregation Town founded in 1766, and the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Arts, a major exhibition center for Southern artists. Southern craftsmen exhibit each year at the Piedmont Crafts Fair in Winston-Salem. The 18th annual fair will be held November 6 through 8. Also here is Reynolda House, built for R.J. Reynolds, founder of the Winston-Salem tobacco firm that bears his name. Open to the public, the house contains a major collection of American art from 18th- to 20th-century artists. Other attractions include Bethabara, site of the first Moravian settlement in North Carolina, the Nature Science Center, located in newly constructed exhibit buildings, and Tanglewood Park, the 1,100-acre former estate of the late William and Kate B. Reynolds, now offering the public golf, swimming, riding, camping, and other activities.

Nearby Greensboro, site of the Greensboro Open Golf Tournament, features, in addition to championship golf courses, Guilford Courthouse National Military Park, site of a decisive Revolutionary War battle, and the Greensboro Historical Museum, which includes a replica of Porter Drug Store where O. Henry worked as a youth. Greensboro is summer home for the Eastern Music Festival, while the neighboring city of High Point offers summer and fall seasons of the North Carolina Shakespeare Festival. Center of the North Carolina furniture industry, High Point also presents an active schedule of events in the High Point Theater.

To the south of the Triad area is the queen city of Charlotte. The largest city in North Carolina, Charlotte has been undergoing a renaissance during the last 10 years. The center city boasts such new landmarks as the NCNB/Radisson Hotel complex in the plaza of which stands a monumental Pomodoro sculpture. A few blocks away, a formerly deteriorating block of commercial buildings has been transformed into the Spirit Square area, which encompasses a performance space for weekly concerts. Across the street is the newly constructed Discovery Place, a nature science adventure museum. Also in Charlotte is the Mint Museum, opened in 1936 as the first art museum in North Carolina. The collection today includes European and American paintings, sculpture, ceramics, and applied arts, and features the Delhom Gallery and Institute for Study and Research in Historical Pottery and Porcelain.

Further to the east is the Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill Triangle area. Home to three major universities—Duke, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and North Carolina State University—the Triangle area provides a wide variety of cultural activities. The Ackland Art Museum in Chapel Hill displays an excellent collection of European and American art. The Duke University Art Museum mounts exhibits of high quality. Raleigh is the site of the North Carolina Museum of Art, founded in 1956 as the first state-supported art museum. In 1982 it will move to new quarters where it will display what many consider to be one of the finest collections of European and American art in the country. Summer home of the American Dance Festival, the Triangle area has a rich cultural calendar during the fall and spring, when the universities are in session.

The coast of North Carolina is fringed with several hundred miles of beaches, including the famous Outer Banks, where six lighthouses have warned away ships for more than a century. Kitty Hawk, site of the December 17, 1903, first flight by the Wright brothers, is the best-known Outer Banks location. The coastal city of Wilmington features a restored 19th-century Cotton Exchange, now housing restaurants and shops, as well as a lovely restored residential

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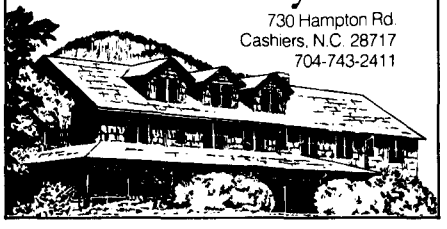

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the arts in NORTH CAROLINA

section of 19th-century homes. The restored Thalian Hall, a classic 19th-century community theater, offers a diversified program of entertainment. North of Wilmington is New Bern, founded in 1710 by German and Swiss settlers who named it after Bern, Switzerland. In historic New Bern is Tyron Palace, the restored 1770 governor's residence, known in Colonial times as the most beautiful building in America.

The richness of travel and cultural opportunities in North Carolina defies brief description. The combination of historical sites, natural beauty, and cultural and recreational facilities makes North Carolina one of the great travel destinations along the East Coast. Further details on state travel sites are available from: Division of Travel and Tourism, Raleigh, North Carolina, 27611.

Business and the Arts

North Carolina has long been known for three major industries: tobacco, textiles, and travel. In recent years the state has added a fourth—and the flurry of national press coverage would lead one to believe that the newest is the biggest. The new industry is culture, and its relationship to the North Carolina corporate sector provides a model for how other states might approach the industry of culture.

The cultural revolution in North Carolina has been gathering momentum for the last three decades. Prior to 1950, probably the greatest cultural achievement of the state was the opening, in 1933, of Black Mountain College. Until its demise in 1956, the college provided a haven for the avant-garde in American arts and letters. The roster of those who taught or studied there includes: Buckminster Fuller, Josef Albers, John Cage, Merce Cunningham, Robert Rauschenberg, Arthur Penn, Franz Kline, Willem de Kooning, Eric Bentley, M.C. Richards, Kenneth Noland, and James Leo Herlihy. Unfortunately, Black Mountain College was too far ahead of its time, and the only reminders of the college left in the state are the two sites of the school, the second with its wonderful Bauhaus-inspired buildings (both in Black Mountain, near Asheville), the Black Mountain archives, now housed in the State Archives in Raleigh, and the Jargon Society Press.

If the idea of a cultural revolution in North Carolina would surprise those who remember how the state scorned Black Mountain College, it would be even more of a shock to H.L. Mencken, who in his famous blast at the South as a cultural wasteland—"Sahara of the Bozart"—didn't bother to mention North Carolina.

To understand how North Carolina has come so far in recent years, it is best to examine first the experience of one city—

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Winston-Salem—that has attracted so much attention for its support of the arts. The heritage of this city of 145,000 is rich in culture. It was founded in 1766 as Salem, the place of peace, by Moravian settlers. Salem was home for the Salem Band, founded in 1778 and still operating, as well as the site of composition of the earliest-known chamber music in America. Moravian immigrants brought with them manuscripts of Bach and Haydn, and Salem introduced the European musical tradition to backcountry North Carolina.

By the middle of the 19th century, however, the glory of Salem had given way to the side-effects of the Industrial Revolution, and the newly formed sister city of Winston attracted most of the attention of the next hundred years. Merged into the single city of Winston-Salem in 1913, the two sections diverged economically in the first half of the 20th century. While Winston became the site of highly successful industries, Salem quietly suffered from a massive dose of urban blight. There was little cultural activity in either.

The turn-around for the city began in the late Forties when three separate movements began to take shape: a citizens' campaign to save early Salem from further decay and destruction; a second citizens' effort to coordinate and expand arts opportunities in the area; and a move by representatives of the family of the late R.J. Reynolds to locate a major university in the city. The struggle to save Salem gave birth in 1950 to the establishment of Old Salem, Inc., a nonprofit organization formed to administer the complete rehabilitation of the early town. Since 1950, more than 60 homes and outbuildings have been restored or reconstructed, and more than 100 nonconforming structures have been removed from the historic district. Today one of the premier historic sites in America, Old Salem owes its success to the loyal support of local individuals and corporations.

The movement to organize and expand area arts activities led to the founding in 1949 of the Arts Council of Winston-Salem, the first arts council to be chartered in the United States. Since that date the city has helped organize community and state arts councils across the country. In 1960, the American Council for the Arts was chartered as a Winston-Salem corporation. The Arts Council provided professional and financial support to the Winston-Salem Symphony, the Little Theater, the Children's Theater, and the Arts and Crafts Association, as well as fostering the development of such innovative programs as Urban Arts (created in 1974 and used as a model for the National Endowment for the Arts Expansion Arts Program).

As support for the arts grew, a variety of major arts institutions were founded. In 1956, the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Arts opened as a major, nonprofit exhibition center for contemporary Southern artists. In 1965, the Museum of Early Southern Decorative Arts opened in Old Salem. Today it houses the richest, most extensive collection of pre-1830 Southern furniture and fine arts in the country. That same year saw the opening of Reynolda House, former estate of R.J. Reynolds, as a museum center. Today it exhibits a major collection of American painting, prints, and sculpture assembled by Barbara Babcock Millhouse, granddaughter of R.J. Reynolds.

The third institution to open in 1965 was the North Carolina School of the Arts, the first state-supported residential performing-arts school in the country, and brain-child of former Governor Terry Sanford's advisor, novelist John Ehle. Today the cultural life of the area is greatly enriched by its full performance schedule, as well as by its affiliates, the North Carolina Dance Theater, the Piedmont Chamber Orchestra, the International Music Program, and the North Carolina Shakespeare Festival (which performs each summer in High Point.)

The latest example of Winston-Salem's commitment to the arts is a multimillion-dollar project to renovate a former Twenties movie theater into the Roger L. Stevens Center for the Performing Arts, and a former factory and car showroom into headquarters for the Arts Council and several of its member groups. An attempt to revitalize the city center, the project has attracted heavy federal and corporate support and is being watched closely as a possible model for downtown revitalization. Winston-Salem, according to a recent survey, enjoys the greatest per capita support for the arts in the United States. The fact that it is so rich in cultural opportunity is due to the support and cooperation of local individuals, corporations, and government. The city has been lucky in the quality of its corporate and government leadership. R.J. Reynolds, for example, and after his death, his widow and descendants, gave substantial support to community health, education, and arts projects. R.J. Reynolds Industries continues the philanthropic traditions of its founder. The company, whose contributions run into the millions annually, supports local and state cultural projects.

The attitudes toward culture evidenced in Winston-Salem are seen throughout the state of North Carolina. A survey of 1979 corporate support for cultural organizations revealed that North Carolina businesses provided an estimated $7.4 million in contributions. The origin of much of this support coincided with the administration of Governor Sanford, who made major strides toward linking the government and business communities with private efforts

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CLAY NOLEN

The dining room of the Tryon Palace, North Carolina's first state capitol, in New Bern.

to enrich cultural opportunities in the state.

The current governor of North Carolina, James B. Hunt, Jr., has also established an enviable series of cultural accomplishments. In 1977, Hunt created the Governor's Business Council on the Arts and Humanities, the first such organization in the country. Patterned after the Business Committee for the Arts, the council fosters corporate support and encourages greater cooperation between business and government for projects of statewide benefit. Currently chaired by J. Tylee Wilson, president of R.J. Reynolds Industries, the council gives annual awards to businesses that have given exemplary support. Receiving its fourth consecutive national Business in the Arts award, R.J. Reynolds Industries was recently joined by two other North Carolina companies, Burroughs Wellcome Co. and J.A. Jones Construction Company.

Other winners of the Governor's Business Council award further demonstrate the role business plays in improving the quality of life in the state. Wachovia Bank and Trust Company of Winston-Salem won a 1979 award for its major support of the annual Winston-Salem Art Fundrive, as well as for its gift of $300,000 to the Arts Council's campaign to locate a major arts facility in the downtown area. The latter represented Wachovia's continuing commitment to revitalizing the area, a commitment dating from 1965 when it built its 32-story headquarters in the central business district. Hanes Dye & Finishing Company won a 1978 award for its substantial support for the arts in Winston-Salem, as well as for the many efforts of its board chairman, R. Philip Hanes,Jr. Actively involved in every major arts effort in Winston-Salem since 1950, Hanes was also a founding council member of the National Endowment for the Arts.

North Carolina corporate and government leadership is clearly committed to the development of cultural resources as a means of improving the quality of life and attracting industry and qualified personnel to the state. Governor Hunt recently embarked on a campaign to lure part of the California film industry to North Carolina. In 1980, he established a special film office, headed by the former director of travel and tourism. Bill Arnold. Since then the office has produced 11 feature films and more than 70 commercials. The commercials alone brought an estimated $3 million to the state.

The varied scenery of North Carolina is a plus for film companies. Biltmore House in Asheville, has been the site of several recent films, including *Being There*, starring the late Peter Sellers. Says Bill Arnold "The governor has been willing to meet with people if it's necessary to convince them if they need assurance of his support."

Corporate and government leaders are convinced that the arts are directly linked to the economic and social growth of the state. In assessing the future for arts support in the wake of federal cutbacks, other states would do well to consider the model offered by North Carolina. Nowhere can one find a closer working relationship among the business, government, and cultural communities, and nowhere can one find a more business-like approach to culture.

—F. Whitney Jones

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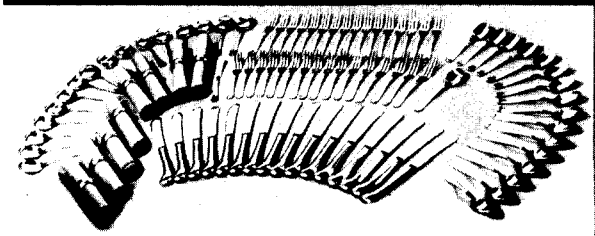

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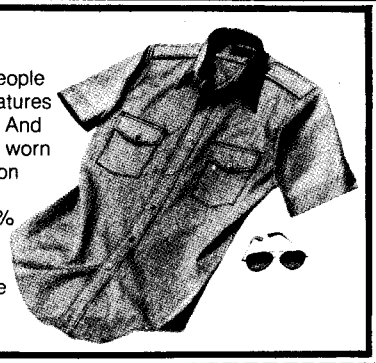

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SR Competition No. 24

Acknowledgments. No serious book is complete without them, and there is, of course, a certain code. Drop the big names next to last. Thank the wife (or husband) last of all and try if possible to find some original synonym for "long-suffering" and "loyal support." Finally, ascribe whatever might be good in your work to all the above and take the blame for any errors upon yourself. Send us your acknowledgments, honoring these customs in whatever way takes your fancy. We are, incidentally, obliged to our wife for suggesting this competition. Without her incessant nagging we should never have got round to it. Twenty-five dollars to the three best.

Entries for Competition No. 24 must be received by October 2 and the winners will be announced in the December issue. Send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 24, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York, New York 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 21

We asked you to provide answers for some seven questions such as "Who is Silvia?" and "Little lamb, who made thee?" We anticipated and we got an enormous response, since hundreds of *SR* readers evidently endorse Sir Thomas Browne's perennially encouraging observation in *Urn-Burial*: "What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond *all* conjecture." About some of the conjectures there was a certain sameness. The numerous people who answered Blake's query to the little lamb with the words "Ewe did!" would, if herded together on one green hillside, make up a flock of which no shepherd could feel ashamed. We have in fact been lately inducing sleep by mentally counting them.

Rachel Frame of Green Valley, Arizona, has our gratitude for sternly observing our plea for brevity. To Marlowe's question whether this was the face that launched a thousand ships, etc., she replied: "Yes." On the average, answers were not so laconic. Some ran on for pages, thus condemning themselves to our exclusively private amusement. One—from Hank Carver, age 9, of Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania—was even illustrated with the nicest colored drawings you ever saw. Since Hank is arguably our youngest contestant ever, we feel obliged to tell you some of the things that he regards as rarer than J. R. Lowell's day in June: "A tiny bit of sugar on the tip of a spoon / Or to catch a golden butterfly as the clock strikes noon / Or to blast off on a rocket going to the moon." Thanks, Hank. We would give anything to be with you on that rocket with the sugar and the butterfly.

Frankly, we were deliberately provocative when we inserted that celebrated admission by Freud that he did not know, after 30 years of research into the feminine soul, what a woman wanted. But we are unrepentant; for that question, though it predictably prompted a number of outraged answers, also prompted the wittiest and the most pointed. In fact, *all* our winners had something to say to the Father of Psychoanalysis.

First prize to Nila Burke, of Duncanville, Texas:

What do women want?
Why, Sig, you said you knew.
You said it was something that men had
And women wanted it, too!
Have you forgotten? Try to think,
And don't go back too far.
You'll remember it soon, dear boy—
Here, have another cigar.

And in the unlikely event that you are wondering what Ms. Burke is so cleverly suggesting by that cigar, here is the second prize winner, Elizabeth Baylor, of Galesburg, Illinois, to make everything perfectly clear:

Dear Dr. Freud, since time began
A woman's very like a man.
She wants some love, she wants some wealth,
She wants a job, she wants good health,
She wants some fun and relaxation,
A place to rest without vexation.
But however strange it seems to you,
One fact is absolutely true—
So let it be understood between us:
She has *no* envy of your penis!

Third prize to the briefer, more prosaic, but equally funny reply from Frances Curran of Old Saybrook, Connecticut:

If you have to ask, you can't afford one.

Honorable mention to a courageous male who responded to Freud's question. Dr. William F. Gallagher of Quincy, Massachusetts, supplies an answer that leaves little doubt regarding his position:

"Me," said Narcissus.

Finally, just to change the subject and whet the appetite, here is how Victoria Reynolds of Monterey, California, answered Blake's question, "Little lamb, who made thee?"

My father Basil, my mother Rosemary, and a little thyme.

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 169

GALAXXRES RX EVA FOAM BUT AZATS RGBTRGPAYAGE UB VIYMG BTAANUY.

QROORMY FREE

Wit Twister No. 181

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

— — — — — — of spirits when morning dawns grey,
Coffee's no — — — — — — —; it rescues the day!
Sleepy and grouchy, we need cheering up.
Come, let me — — — — — — — a heartwarming cup!

Margaret Dann

Answers next month

August Answers

Literary Crypt No. 168

Prose can paint evening and moonlight, but poets are needed to sing the dawn.

G. Meredith

Wit Twister No. 180

clematis, climates, claimest

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 210

Justin Kaplan: Walt Whitman—A Life

"Talents of gold, and endowments of silver, are possessed by every human being, if he did but know it," Whitman wrote. . . arguing that "music, in the legitimate sense of that term, exists independently of technical music. . . just as poetry exists independently of rhyme."

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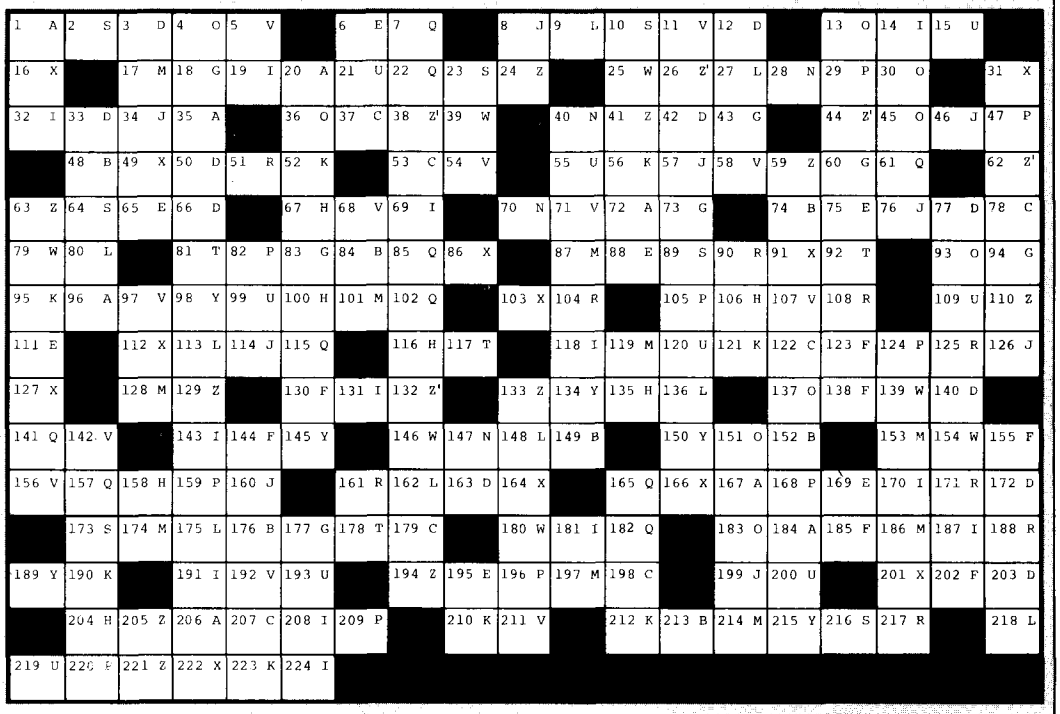
Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Middleton Double-Crostic No. 211

CLUES	WORDS
A. Misdirects, leads astray, corrupts	1 20 96 167 184 206 35 72
B. Constituting visual memory readily and accurately reproducible	74 84 149 152 176 213 48
C. Bars, inns	53 78 207 37 122 179 198
D. Norwegian composer (1843-1907; full name)	203 12 42 50 140 172 33 163 3 66 77
E. Disconcerts, confuses; infant's toys	169 195 6 65 75 88 111
F. Clandestine or surreptitious procedure	123 130 138 144 155 185 202
G. Remark, observation; how French!	83 94 177 18 43 60 73
H. Innkeeper, perhaps; woman receiver	106 158 204 67 100 116 135
I. Clear or colorless corundum (2 wds.)	143 131 170 191 208 224 14 19 118 181 32 187 69
J. Former	76 126 160 199 8 34 46 57 114
K. Small, furry Old World rodent resembling a small squirrel	190 210 223 52 56 95 212 121
L. Ineffectual, like a paper tiger	136 175 9 80 113 148 162 218 27
M. Seething, overflowing, outburst	119 153 186 197 214 17 87 128 174 101
N. Noah's eldest son (Gen. 5:32)	28 40 147 70
O. Advertising flyer	93 151 183 4 13 30 36 45 137
P. American goldfinch	159 168 196 220 82 105 124 29 209 47
Q. Binding promise, contract, or the like	182 157 165 22 61 85 102 141 7 115
R. Oral; customary, traditional	125 188 161 217 51 104 108 171 90
S. Cease, desist, recurring phrase	2 216 173 10 23 64 89
T. Hardy heroine	117 178 81 92
U. Member of the genus *Lumbricus*	193 219 15 120 55 109 200 21 99
V. Dutch peninsula between the North Sea and the Ijsselmeer (2 wds.)	211 54 5 142 68 192 71 11 156 107 97 58
W. Cetacean, the male of which has a spirally twisted tusk	79 139 25 180 146 154 39
X. Irregular; contrary to rules	16 49 86 164 127 91 112 166 31 103 201 222
Y. Sport like boxing that permits kicks as well as punches	145 98 215 134 150 189
Z. Of inestimable worth	59 129 221 41 24 63 110 194 133 205
Z'. Crush, overpower; extinguish	62 26 132 44 38

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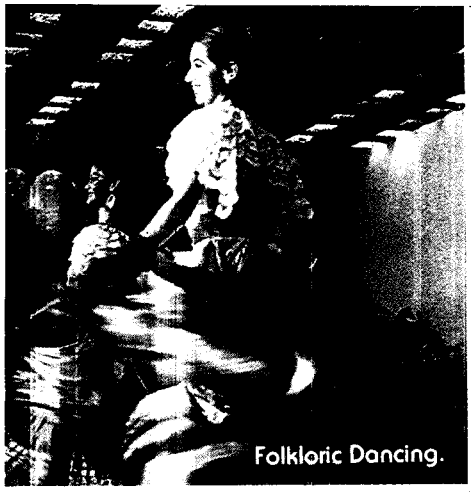
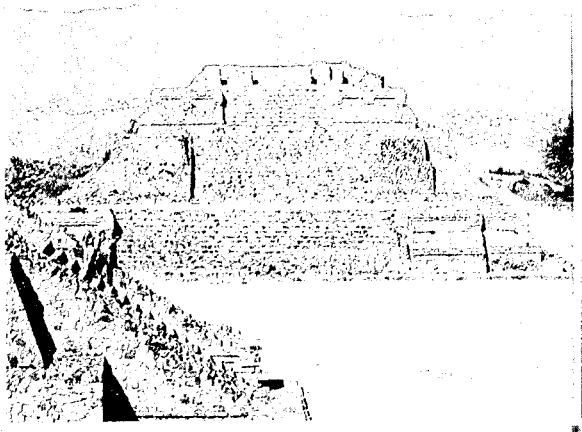


Folkloric Dancing.



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Books

Fiction

July's People, by Nadine Gordimer (The Viking Press, 192 pp., $10.95). Gordimer gets better with each novel. This one explores the fears of white South Africans—black revolution and the disintegration of white society—and the nature of the relationship between masters and servants. Powerful and convincing.

Riddley Walker, by Russell Hoban (Summit Books, 220 pp., $12.95). The past summer's hot book, this experimental novel, written in a hybrid lingo, may be headed for cult acclaim. It tells the story of what life is like in England many thousands of years after a nuclear war.

Bread Upon the Waters, by Irwin Shaw (Delacorte Press, 438 pp., $14.95). Writing about the world of ordinary folk rather than his more customary beautiful people, Shaw focuses on the small crises of a middle-aged New York high school teacher and his family. Arguably, it is Shaw's best to date.

Angel of Light, by Joyce Carol Oates (E.P. Dutton, 480 pp., $15.50). This year's Joyce Carol Oates novel, while flawed, is better than some of her recent entries. This time out, Washington, D.C. is the setting for the usual violence and lightning-flash brilliance.

The Birds of the Air, by Alice Thomas Ellis (The Viking Press, 156 pp., $10.95). A tale of a family Christmas in a claustrophobically respectable English suburb, it sparkles in the cold light of an intelligent and pitiless comedy.

The Luck of Huemac, by Daniel Peters (Random House, 688 pp., $16.95). Blending James Michener and Carlos Castenada, Peters details the rise and fall of the Aztec empire. A fascinating historical novel.

Nonfiction

The Last Laugh, by S.J. Perelman (Simon & Schuster, 192 pp., $12.95). The late S.J. Perelman was one of this century's incomparable wits and prose stylists. In this, his final collection of autobiographical writings and comic essays, the laughs keep coming.

Social Studies, by Fran Lebowitz (Random House, 146 pp., $9.95). The author of *Metropolitan Life* chronicles the baroque customs and bizarre behavior of the American species near the end of the 20th century. A textbook example of astute, acerbic social comedy.

Asking for Trouble, by Donald Woods (Atheneum, 384 pp., $12.95). The former editor of one of South Africa's leading liberal newspapers and the author of *Biko* tells about life and politics in his troubled homeland.

All the Stars in Heaven, by Gary Carey (E.P. Dutton, 320 pp., $18.50). Carey recounts the rise of Louis B. Mayer from early bankruptcy to wealth as a film mogul. Spiced with a few inside stories about the likes of Garbo and Lionel Barrymore, this is as level-headed a tinseltown bio as we're likely to see.

The Tigress Expedition, by Thor Heyerdahl (Doubleday, 347 pp., $17.95). A riveting account of a 4,200-mile voyage back to the time of the ancient Sumerians and a harrowing tale of modern-day adventure as Heyerdahl and his crew struggle to avoid reefs, pirates, and supertankers.

Film

Raiders of the Lost Ark. This Steven Spielberg-George Lucas collaboration is for movie-lovers of all ages, a nonstop, Saturday-matinee, action-adventure lark. It involves archaeology, buried treasure, exotic places, hairbreadth escapes, nasty Nazis, ultraheroics and, for a denouement—in smashing special effects—even the wrath of God.

S.O.B. Blake Edwards's very black comedy about movie-making in Hollywood today brims with "inside" satire and sparkles with "outside" wit, with Julie Andrews as America's G-rated sweetheart; Robert Preston, William Holden, and Robert Weber the only halfway decent people at hand; and the suggestion that loyalty is only for puppy dogs and drunks.

Stevie. Glenda Jackson is simply superb in this portrait of Stevie Smith, the British poet who wrote what Ogden Nash called "songs of deadly innocence" in the course of her seemingly prosaic suburban life with a maiden aunt (Mona Washbourne). This vibrant, intelligent and engrossing English film was written by Hugh Whitemore and directed and produced by Robert Enders.

Eye of the Needle. Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan are outstanding in Richard Marquand's tough, tense film of the Ken Follett thriller that traces the nefarious path of a Nazi spy chasing after the Allied invasion plans in wartime Britain.

Prince of the City. Sidney Lumet's fact-based account of a detective who went undercover to expose corruption among his colleagues goes beyond melodrama to explore the force of circumstance, the impact of "systems," and where loyalty begins—and ends. Treat Williams is noteworthy as the complex protagonist.

Arthur. This attempt to recreate one of those "madcap heiress" comedies of the Thirties is worthwhile thanks to the prodigious talents of Dudley Moore as the drunken, rather than madcap, heir; the impeccable art of John Gielgud as his Jeeves (or Eric Blore); and the very special appeal of Liza Minnelli as a nobody from Queens.

Theater

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music (Nederlander Theater, New York City). When Horne stops singing, her stage personality—bitter superstar who, deep down, is just a funky farm girl—can grate. But fortunately, she devotes nearly all the evening to song, and when she grabs hold of a tune, she stretches its rhythmic and emotional boundaries to stunning breadth.

SR's Phoenix Code

Outstanding

Excellent

Good

Notable

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The Pirates of Penzance (Minskoff Theater, New York City). Director Wilford Leach and music director William Elliott set an overall tone of intelligence and charm. This *Pirates* has been put together by contemporary Americans who love and respect the work but who will not try to mimic Victorian Englishmen or their descendants.

Cloud 9 (Theatre de Lys, New York City). Act I of this British play lampoons Victorian sexual hypocrisy in vaudeville style. Act II, performed more realistically, shows how liberated our society has become—and what a vacuum this liberation has created. The off-Broadway production is well acted, sensitively directed.

42nd Street (Majestic Theater, New York City). "Hear the beat/of dancing feet," says the title song, and never did a lyric fix a show's essence more neatly. Choreographed by the late Gower Champion on Thirties models, the brisk tappings carry us along on a pleasant tide of nostalgia. The show is just chunks of agreeable stuff that makes us feel things were better back then, but what more does one want from a Broadway musical?

Records

Monteverdi: L'Incoronazione di Poppea (4-Fonit Cetra LMA 4008, $47.92). Alan Curtis and his Complesso Barocco are in the pit for this lively, lovely opera about the triumph of love over virtue; more authentic in spirit and execution than any in the *Schwann* catalogue. (Available from Peters International, 619 West 54 Street, New York, New York, 10019.)

Schumann: Songs (CBS 36668, $9.98). Sir Peter Pears, now in his seventies, can still sing the *Liederkreis*, Opus 39 (and 11 other songs) with bewitching legato and great vocal subtlety. His wise and gentle touch is reflected at every turn by pianist Murray Perahia.

Rameau: Harpsichord Music (German Harmonia Mundi 1C 065-99 918, $10.98). Harmonia Mundi's Schola Cantorum Basiliensis series, devoted to authentic performances of pre-classical music, presents Alan Curtis in spirited traversals of two suites that depict hens, Egyptians, and indifferent ladies in among the customary allemandes and sarabandes. Another very fine performance of all of Rameau's harpsichord music, by Trevor Pinnock, appears on three discs for Vanguard (71256, 71270, 71271, each $7.98).

Rzewski: North American Ballads (Nonesuch digital D-70096, $11.98). Frederick Rzewski, a 43-year-old pupil of Piston, Sessions, and Babbitt, has embraced serial, electronic, and chance composition, championing—as a pianist—the works of Cage, Carter, Boulez, and Stockhausen. His *Four North American Ballads* combine folk, jazz, and classical elements in a jagged, highly personal idiom. Pianist Paul Jacobs plays them beautifully, along with graceful rags by William Bolcom and blues by Aaron Copland. On another recording, *Four Pieces, 1977* (Vanguard digital VA-25001, $12.98), Rzewski himself plays one ballad, along with his *Four Pieces*, a compelling half-hour assault on the senses, eclectic but original.

Beethoven: The Nine Symphonies (8-Deutsche Grammophon 2740 241, $39.84). Herbert Von Karajan's superb recordings with the Berlin Philharmonic from 1961-62 are now available at half the original price.

Dance

The Houston Ballet (Jones Hall, Houston). One of America's foremost ballet companies, renowned for its versatile repertory, lavish productions, and lively performances, opens with a new work by principal dancer, William Pizzuto. (Season begins September 17.)

Oakland Ballet (Zellerbach Auditorium, Berkeley, California). The first American production of *Les Noces*, the most famous work of Bronislava Nijinska (Nijinski's sister), will be staged under the supervision of her daughter, Irina Nijinska. Appearing on the same program will be another Diaghilev-era classic, Michel Fokine's *Schéhérazade*. (September 25 and 26.)

Twyla Tharp Dance (Winter Garden Theater, New York City). Tharp's modern-dance company reappears on Broadway with a new evening-long piece choreographed to the music of Davie Byrne, composer and lead singer of the New Wave rock group, The Talking Heads. The company will also present three New York City premieres, *Uncle Edgar Dyed His Hair Red*, *Assorted Quartets*, and *Short Stories*. (September 22 through October 18.)

Art

The Art of the Olmsted Landscape (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City). Photographs, plans, and working drawings by the 19th century's most important landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmstead, and his partner, Calvert Vaux. Olmsted and Vaux designed more than 100 of America's city parks, including Central Park in Manhattan and Prospect Park in Brooklyn. The guiding vision was Olmsted's, and his ideal of civilized nature is still with us. (September 17 to November 1.)

Artists Books (Walker Art Center, Minneapolis). More than 100 books by artists best known for their work in other mediums, There are three sections to this show—the book as luxury object; books as sculpture; and conceptual books. Seventy artists are represented, including Jasper Johns, Robert Motherwell, H.C. Westerman, and Ed Ruscha. (September 13 to November 8.)

Robert Graham: Bronze Figures 1971-1981 (Walker Art Center, Minneapolis). Roughly a decade ago, certain artists were able to draw attention away from the austerities of Minimalism and Conceptualism to the human figure. The young sculptor Robert Graham is one of these, and this show of 21 bronzes—heads, torsos, and full, dancing figures—makes the reasons for his impact clear. (September 13 to November 8.)

Shadows of Mount Huang (The Detroit Institute of Arts). Paintings and woodcuts from the Anhui School, active in China from the 17th to the 20th centuries. The nearby Mount Huang, reputed to be the most beautiful in China, provided the artists of this school with an abiding focus for their attention. (Through September 16; will travel subsequently to Austin, Texas, and Princeton, New Jersey.)

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